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Toward Civilization, by Charles A. Beard, on page 896

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Uncle Tom on Prohibition

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" was a grossly unfair book, and yet no one has ever denied that the miseries of slavery which it depicted might have happened, and did sometimes happen. In so far as it was a study of slavery, and not sentimental melodrama, it was a study of the possibilities of slavery, and these possibilities dramatically presented aroused emotions deeper than reason. The economic argument for slavery was not so often advanced, nor so quietly listened to, after "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had run out its hundreds of editions.

Someone will write "The Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Prohibition. It will not be another "Ten Nights in a Barroom" or "John Barleycorn." There is little new to be said of the evils of unrestrained alcoholism. This book will be a novelty, for it will show how Temperance in the U. S. A. was kidnapped by a Reformer, and went wrong.

It may be a great book. The underworld, seething with the profits of Prohibition, making its own laws, fighting its own battles, speaking its own language, like the barbarians in the Roman Empire, is ripe for inclusion. Bootleggers, hijackers, fire-breathing parsons, flaming youth, lying politicians, smug industrialists, self-deluded idealists of materialism, are all ready for use. But this book, like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," must be more than descriptive. It must have great protagonists and a theme more elevated than drink-me, drink-me-not.

The new humanists, who have been scolded for producing no great books, might be of help here. Henry Ford has already challenged their defense of the rights of Man against the needs of Thing. He says (in effect) that the true end of man is prosperity, and therefore man is born to produce. But liquor, any liquor, interferes with production (love and laughter too, he forgot them!) It dulls brains, and destroys inventiveness (witness fourth century Greece where they had wine but no Fords, or Elizabethan England with ale but no factories!) Therefore all liquor (and love and laughter?) is rightly forbidden by statute. Thus men are made safe for machines, and civilization proceeds.

Indeed one of the curious and disturbing results of this controversy over Prohibition has been the increasing disregard of human values. Both sides have been guilty, but the Prohibitionists most. They have halted the crusade against drunkenness and alcoholism which so concerned the advocates of Temperance, and have thrown all their energies into war on the moderate drinker. Not the good life but a dry life, has been their object. Their arguments have said more of money to be saved than of happiness. They have seemed willing to ignore the filth of corruption and the evils of law-made crime if an outward resemblance of obedience to a formula could be preserved.

The whole of literature is available—a historical record far more trustworthy than written history itself—to show that man has never lived and never will live by economics alone. The whole of literature is available to prove that self-control can be learned, but that self-denial must be justified quickly. Literature, as a whole, is a blazing argument for Temperance, but a bomb for Prohibition. The vast majority of students and lovers of literature are humanists in this respect as in others. They are for Temperance, but not for Prohibition.

This present disturbance over the Eighteenth Amendment is like a sore upon the face of society, arousing concern by its violent irritation, but dangerous only because it indicates an infection within. Drinking may be the excuse for, but it will not be the theme of, the new "Uncle Tom's Cabin." That book will plunge deeper, into rifts of the American mind which are forming now as they formed before the Civil War. It will deal with the survival of individualism, with freedom versus authority, with the right to live as a man versus the duty to serve as a machine.

If I Could Utter

By VIRGINIA MOORE

IF I could utter one true word
And then die,
I would be shriven strict and fine
Of a subtle lie.

Which birds know not, nor grass nor grain
Nor thick-sown dew,
Nor sweet air pressing a man's lung's
And washing through,

Nor anything which keeps itself
Itself, without flaw,
According to a chartless clear
Most difficult law. . . .

Iced water of invincible truth
Would burn my head,
I would lie frozen as new sheets,
And quiet as the bed.

And gorgeous as a crowned queen
And happy as a saint,
My throat, my mouth, my lips at last
Clean of a taint.

This Week

"The Women of Cairo."
Reviewed by PIERRE LOVING.

"Gallows' Orchard."
Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN.

"Eroica."
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"Vile Bodies."
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"The Crusades."
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"The Painter's Craft."
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In the Mail.
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"The Stock Market Crash and After."
Reviewed by SAMUEL ANDERSON.

"Columbus."
Reviewed by GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP.

"Tu Fu."
Reviewed by WILLIAM HUNG.

"Footlights Across America."
Reviewed by MONTROSE MOSES.

Next Week, or Later

Clemenceau. By CHARLES SEYMOUR.

The Unknown Poet*

By FRANK HILL

ALTHOUGH Geoffrey Chaucer is the most friendly of all the great poets of the world, he is the least known.

I do not mean that he lacks reputation: his reputation is justly great. I do not mean that his readers have been few: those who have read a little of him are legion. Yet to accept golden opinions about a poet, or to get a slight acquaintance with him is not knowledge. Either is far from that brooding familiarity with phrase and feeling which many of us have for poets like Keats, Wordsworth, or Whitman. And few have this for Chaucer, though many have sought it. Despite an infinite charm and humanity he is, in proportion to his importance, the most legendary of poets.

This should be regarded as a fact, not as a reproach. An English poet, Chaucer wrote in a different English from what we know. He himself brought his language to literary flower, and though it shaped the character of our later speech and writing, for purposes of literature it may be said to have died with him. In order to possess him, we must learn it almost as though it were a foreign language. And Chaucer's peculiar misfortune (and ours) is that Middle English, while actually so different from Modern English, seems fairly close to it. We assume it can be mastered with a casual amount of study, and though it never is, the illusion of ease persists. Convinced that Chaucer is too English to approach as a foreign poet, we are not honest enough to admit that he is generally but half-appreciated as a native one—that, though greater than Browning, Tennyson, Byron, Wordsworth, or Spenser, he is less read on the whole than Macaulay, Longfellow, or Goldsmith.

A poet in a lost language can be reached by going to him in his own speech, or by translating him into ours. With the great foreign poets we have followed both methods. I should like to believe that in Chaucer's case the first would be sufficient. Yet for many years every conceivable incentive to discovering him in Middle English has been in operation, and there is no reason to hope for more Chaucer readers in the future than we have had in the past. The truth is that the number of people who will master a dead language for the purpose of knowing one great poet is never likely to be large, and in Chaucer's case many have saluted him but few have learned to read him well.

On the other hand, Chaucer has suffered, as compared with poets like Homer and Virgil, from the lack of adequate translations. Should we put him in the same position as these foreign poets, we might end by getting a far wider and a considerably closer enjoyment of him.

The idea of translating Chaucer into our own English is not new. It came to Dryden two hundred and fifty years ago. It came at a later date to Wordsworth, to poets like Percy MacKaye, and to distinguished Chaucer scholars like Skeat and Professor Tatlock. Indeed, Dryden's "Palamon and Arcite," a rendering of The Knight's Tale, and his translation of The Nun's Priest's Tale, were widely read for a hundred and fifty years. They were both included by Lipscomb in 1795 in a complete translation of "The Canterbury Tales," done by ten

* This essay, which will form the preface to Mr. Hill's translation of Chaucer's poems, are from the forthcoming volume, "The Canterbury Tales," copyright 1930, by Longmans, Green & Co. One of the poems will appear in a later issue of *The Saturday Review*.

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authors in the neo-classical fashion, and containing Pope's translation of The Merchant's Tale. Yet just as this anthology died with the already quickening romantic revival, so the other verse renderings of Chaucer have either been fragmentary like Wordsworth's, or, like the ten tales done by Professor Skeat, have failed to establish themselves. Such failure has perhaps been partly due to the peculiar difficulties of translating from a language paradoxically both close to ours and remote from it. Again, it may go back to the tentative attitude of most of the translators: possibly Dryden alone has translated Chaucer into verse with a confidence that his work was needed and could be successfully done. At any rate, the excellent prose translation of Professor Tatlock and Mr. MacKaye is now the only version widely and actively in use.

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Even with those who have read Chaucer widely (I naturally exclude Chaucerian scholars), he has too often been seen in a blurred and fragmentary fashion. There is a tendency to forget the astounding variety and richness of his genius. If we are challenged, we confess him to be the greatest of English narrative poets, yet many (and this is especially true in America) who are wide readers of modern poetry might not think of Chaucer if asked to name the three greatest narrative poems in English, or might be unable to specify some of his best tales by name. Again, we know that by general critical assent Chaucer is acknowledged to have married humor and poetry more successfully than any other English poet, yet most of us have a feeble sense of how he has done it. Few, for instance, realize that as a satirist (though satire is only an aspect of his humor) he is greater than Jonson, Pope, Dryden, or Byron. In a similar sense there is no sufficient understanding of the sheer beauty of Chaucer's verse. This may be chiefly due to difficulties of pronunciation, yet while Chaucer's charm is commonly recognized (though too generally associated with the idea of naïveté), the enjoyment of a ripe beauty in him rivalling Spenser, Keats, and Wordsworth has been limited to a small number of poetry lovers. Finally, there is in Chaucer that blend of realistic sense and sheer vitality, fusing with the other qualities I have listed, which make him one of the great spokesmen for an age; and this too is insufficiently recognized. Yet if we value Dante as the voice of the medieval soul flame with spiritual love and religious fervor, and Spenser as the interpreter of a ripe Renaissance already tinged with adolescent puritanism, then we must go to Chaucer for the most complete and realistic picture of the age of chivalry which exists in prose or verse. Here are written indelibly the simple beauty of the fourteenth century, now delicately tender and now boldly bright, its ruthlessness and boyish love of strife, its songful coarseness and buffoonery, its firm code of honor, its medley of accomplishment and disorder, and its consoling faith.

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Perhaps what many readers have missed in Chaucer is well illustrated by The Knight's Tale. Certainly this has not maintained a footing as one of our great English poems. It is not known as Tennyson's "Idylls" are known, or Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," or Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis." Yet it is one of the most successful narratives ever written in English verse, and it is peculiarly notable for its sustained sparkling life, a life which persists even through full descriptive and philosophical passages. If its plot seems at times little more than a charming formality, the story achieves by turn beauty, drama, and sublimity. The glory of chivalry blazes from the few lines painting Theseus marching towards Thebes. Jonson and Shakespeare must have known that singing description of the May woods as Arcite, entering them to do his lover's rites, hears them ringing with the lark and sees them shining with the new sun. And where could Spenser find a model more sensuously rich yet pertinently restrained than Chaucer as he tells about the lists where Palamon and Arcite are to fight for Emely? Here are the temples wrought of iron or alabaster, decked with fair paintings of Venus or dark portraitures of Mars, the doors of eternal adamant, the fearsome allegories of life past and future. In such passages, or in that describing the funeral rites of Arcite, Chaucer is the master of young Shakespeare and young Milton, of the Elizabethan songbirds and the sensuous Keats. No one can understand the growth of beauty in English poetry without knowing the beauty of the Knight's Tale.

Yet it is a poem of action also. Here, told with a gentle satiric malevolence, are the preposterous quarrels of the heroes, here their ferocious hand-to-hand encounter in the May woods. Here are the jostling throngs and ringing clash of the tournament, borrowed so generously by Walter Scott to decorate his "Ivanhoe." Here is Arcite's moving death scene. Beauty and drama blend into a bright energy that few poems achieve or sustain.

And in the Knight's Tale, tucked deftly into the story and a formal deference to the Church, are bitter protests against human fate that rival Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat."

The descriptions of the temple of Mars anticipate Milton's hell and in Theseus's final speech is a brief pre-statement of Housman's "To an Athlete Dying Young," concluding with these couplets:

> And happier should his friend be of his death
> When yielded up with honor goes his breath
> Than when with age a withered name appears
> And all his glory dies upon the years.

Finally, there is Arcite's dying cry:

> Alas, O Death, alas my Emely,
> Alas, the parting of our company;
> Alas, my heart's queen, O alas, my wife,
> My heart's own lady, ender of my life!
> What is this world? What asketh man to have?
> Now with his love, now cold within his grave,
> Alone, alone, with none for company.

Passages like these have been scanted as mere islands in a poetry too genial, satiric, and realistic to achieve "high seriousness." I prefer, with "Trouthe" in mind, and parts of the "Book of the Duchess," with the Pardoner's Tale and "Criseyde," to think of such lines as representing a strong and even supreme aspect of Chaucer, not less important because not constantly expressed.

Yet if to know the Knight's Tale is to reap a richness of beauty, drama, and meaning, to know the Prologue or the Nun's Priest's Tale or the Pardoner's Tale is to gather a different and at times a gayer harvest. To specify, the Pardoner's Tale is probably the most triumphant blending of talk and poetry in English. The conversations recapture for us the very accent and gesture of the speaker, and pass from coarseness to sublimity with an ease that makes tyros of Kipling and Masefield. And in "The Book of the Duchess" is a record of chivalric love (a younger yet more real love than that of the Knight's Tale) which can be called nothing but exquisite. In all these poems one discovers those supreme moments which poetry lives by, as when, after the rough idiomatic brutality of the rioters' talk in "The Pardoner's Tale," comes that sudden flow into sublimity with the old man's lament on the slowness of Death. Such passages, along with those which show a more playful, buoyant, or satiric poet, are still too much the spiritual property of a select few.

Gérard, the Incomparable

THE WOMEN OF CAIRO. By GÉRARD DE NERVAL. With an Introduction by CONRAD ELPHINSTONE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1930. $7.50.

Reviewed by PIERRE LOVING

GÉRARD DE NERVAL, whose real name was Gérard Labrunie, was one of those rare untrammeled spirits which only a civilized Bohemia, with layer upon layer of creative eccentricity, can bring forth. His family belonged to the *petite noblesse* of the provinces, or, as the English would say, county; and when he was twenty-five or so he inherited a chateau, a part of the family estate, which proved to be a white elephant on his hands—until, that is, it occurred to him that it would make an admirable decor for fancy-dress parties to which he could invite his literary and theatrical friends. Long before this, however, he had made a romantic legend out of his name and already had several years of literary achievement behind him. At twenty he had translated Goethe's "Faust." His translation was hailed at once as a masterpiece. He began to contribute to the powerful literary magazines of the period; he wrote exquisite colorful poetry in the prevailing romantic temper; it was well-made, lyrical, brimming with melancholy and vague nostalgia, exotic and lovesick, echoing the German Romantic mood rather closely. He turned Burger's "Lenore" into French, and this version may well have been the direct inspiration of Poe. It has now been fairly well ascertained that Poe's chief influence emanated from France, not from Germany, although Germany was at that epoch the home of the sentimental *Lied*, the moonlit lyric, and the ballad of chivalry.

From its very inception Gérard de Nerval was one of the leading figures in the Romantic movement. At the *première* of "Hernani" he was chosen, together with Gautier, to conduct the bands of young pirates who formed the *claque* from their studios to the theatre, and to lead the manifestations of the gifted group which included Balzac, Dumas, Deveria, and Petrus Borel; and it was Gérard's especial office to hand out little red cards of admission to the noise-making fraternity bearing the Spanish word, *Hierro*, meaning: "Be strong as iron."

After extensive travels in Germany and a long stay in Vienna, Gérard turned his face toward the Orient. It was in 1843, accompanied by the Egyptologist, M. de Fonfrède, that he embarked on the *Mentor* at Marseilles for his most fruitful voyage to the East. The two travelers visited Alexandria and mounted the Nile, reaching Cairo in about five days. They acquired a beautiful Javanese slave-girl and descended the river to Damiette, where they hired a Greek sailboat and in seven days beheld the mosques of Beyrouth under a sky worthy of Theocritus. As at Cairo, Gérard conducted himself like a poet in search of poetry; he craved above all else, to naturalize himself, his thoughts and feelings, into the scenes around him. On the edge of the Libyan desert he dreamed himself back into the days of Rebecca, and led a grave and contemplative life there in the cradle of many civilizations, brooding over the religions and philosophies which this desert had mothered.

Invariably, wherever he went, Gérard was accepted by the natives and taken into their confidence, in so far as language barriers permitted. He knew Arabs, Maronite Christians, Druses, and Turks. They invited him to their festivals, their weddings, and christenings, and spun innumerable stories for his delight. Then he traveled to Constantinople and fell in with old Bohemian friends; he next visited Herculaneum, displaying before the temple of Jupiter the same respectful piety as toward the mysterious gods of the East. As a result of these wanderings, Gérard de Nerval became one of the most tolerant and enlightened spirits of his age. Judging from his casual utterances, his letters, and such evidence as is contained in the present book (known in the original as "Voyages en Orient"), he might—had he been granted a longer and more steady breath—have written a kind of "Golden Bough" for his generation. He was the perfect advocate of the syncretism of religions.

In this connection, it may be interesting to recall his reply to Hugo's charge that he was without religion. "I, without religion!" he returned. "How can you say that? I have at least seventeen. . . ." On another occasion he is reported to have said: "I was a mussulman in Egypt, a pantheist amid the Druses, and a devotee of the star-gods of Chaldea. Yes, and I have even been a pagan in Greece."

"The Women of Cairo" is a delightful record of his sojourn in eastern lands. It is impregnated with poetry and color, with quaint humor, with penetrating self-criticism, and with an exquisite comprehension of the chasms that divide culture from culture. He was an unostentatious citizen of the world, who unlocked the doors of the senses and the mind, and bid the exotic flowers breathe out their holy or unholy essences. This, in a word, is what his syncretism really means, and this may be illustrated with one of his own typical stories:

> These Turks have one of the most beautiful legends I know. Four fellow travelers—a Turk, an Arab, a Persian, and a Greek—wished to have a little feast together. Each of them contributed ten paras. But then arose the question of what they should buy. *Uzum*, said the Turk. *Ineb*, said the Arab. *Inghur*, said the Persian. *Staphidion*, said the Greek. Each wishing to have his own choice preferred over that of the others, they were coming to blows, when a dervish who happened to know all four languages, called a grape-seller, and it was discovered that this was what each of them had called for.
>
> When I was in Constantinople, I was very much touched to see good dervishes assisting at Mass. The word of God seemed good to them in any language. Besides, they compel no one to whirl like a top to the strains of a flute, though they themselves consider this the most sublime manner in which Heaven can be honored.

At various times during his life Gérard de Nerval was confined in Dr. Blanche's sanatarium for nervous disorders, at the instance of his father who was a physician. He was released but never completely recovered. In 1855, poverty-stricken and ill, he hanged himself from a railing on the rue de la Veille-Lanterne, near the Café Momus, one of the favorite Bohemian resorts of the period.

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Beethoven in a Novel

EROICA. By SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HUGH L. SMITH
Yale University School of Music

WHY has the life of Ludwig van Beethoven, interesting and dramatic as it is, not long ago been turned to account as the basis of a novel? It is true that Romain Rolland draws upon the personality of this great genius for much of "Jean-Christophe," but not in a manner to suggest as his chief purpose the novelization of Beethoven's life. It has remained for Samuel Chotzinoff—well-known critic, performer, and a devout Beethoven enthusiast—to undertake the revivifying of the man Beethoven, in a novel to which is given the significant title of "Eroica."

In a series of episodes, treated with remarkable fidelity to facts, Mr. Chotzinoff develops the intimate personality of the pock-marked, recalcitrant youth of Bonn without resorting to any of the sentimental rot which inevitably attaches itself to the life of a hero. We looked in vain for the usual story of the "Moonlight Sonata." Against a background of well-known characters, whose personalities flash out in deft strokes, stalks the uncouth figure of Beethoven in true perspective, his own life furnishing the *raison d'être* of his works.

So much conjecture and controversy have been indulged in regarding the love affairs of Beethoven, that a hopeless tangle of fact and fiction has to be cut through in order that he may stand in anything like a clear light. Exercising the novelist's prerogative in a manner to give least offense, Mr. Chotzinoff chooses to consider the Countess Julia Guicciardi as the Immortal Beloved, treating the relations of this noblewoman and Beethoven with keen imagination and sympathy and adding details to the dénouement of this episode which are plausible in their artistic truth. Equally convincing is the treatment of Beethoven's other affairs of the heart, handled with a skilful nicety and balance which only heighten the climax of his relations with Julia.

Especially well done is the matter of Beethoven's deafness, from the first faint indication of some impairment up to the cruel realization of the certainty of his affliction, and the delicate fear of his friends' detection of the malady. Real pathos is here, as he tries to convince himself at first that his trouble is imaginary:

> He struck them again, less loudly, then softly and more softly, until he knew by the pressure of his fingers that they were the merest whispers. His mind meanwhile was fearfully concentrated to catch the slighest difference between the sounds he *expected* to hear and those that came to his ears. After a moment his face relaxed its tension. He could find no discrepancy.
>
> He laughed softly and called himself a fool. "Such a thing could not happen—if there is a God in Heaven," he thought. "To anyone else, yes—but not to me."

It is in such simple touches as this that the author reveals his sympathetic imagination and reaches his end with no straining for effect.

Mr. Chotzinoff's feeling for the significance of Beethoven's works as the direct outpouring of his subjective experience and philosophy is keen, and his interpretations reasonable. That portion of the book devoted to the "Eroica" is more than a mere consideration of this symphony as a dedication to a great hero. It is an exceedingly skilful exposition of the growth of a philosophy to be expressed in music. To Beethoven, Napoleon was more than a national figure, dominating Europe. He was the incarnation of the heroic life through which Beethoven himself was struggling. "To accept what life offers as one accepts the material of art, to wrestle with experience as one wrestles with recalcitrant tones, to share in all human emotions without encroaching on the lofty, impersonal surveillance of the mind—that was the only way for a conscious spirit to walk the earth with dignity. That was heroism. He saw himself creating a symphony worthy of his experience and new-found philosophy." This manifestation of Beethoven's romanticism comes out admirably in the novel, with a natural subtlety that is never philosophic or dull.

As much in what the author rejects as in what he includes as suitable for his artistic scheme does he show fine discriminating sensibility. The moderation and restraint of this picture of Beethoven's strength—and weakness—betoken a convincing sincerity. For those who know Beethoven thoroughly from the historical point of view, Mr. Chotzinoff's novel will prove to be delightfully humanizing; and those to whom Beethoven is only the composer of the Fifth Symphony may enjoy this story of his life with no fear of dangerous distortion of fact or personality which will need to be corrected later on.

A Novelist to Watch

GALLOWS' ORCHARD. By CLAIRE SPENCER. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

EVERY now and again there appears an author who is a novelist not by power of willing but as naturally as the bird is master of flight. Miss Spencer is of that happy company who write with so direct a vision as to seem to be improvising as they proceed. Her book has that appearance of unpremeditation which is the triumph of art. It has an urgency and immediacy of emotion that are the very accent of life, a sequence of happening as seemingly inevitable as the inescapable encounters of actual existence. Her narrative is electric with feeling—quick with a passionate responsiveness to the beauty of nature, the pathos of dumb beasts, the calamities and complexities of the human heart. It

CLAIRE SPENCER

flows on, now robust and harsh, now delicate and almost lyrical in expression, but always simple, always straightforward, always sincere. Here in her tale, to its old men and children, its cows and its pigs, is the small Scotch village with its narrowness, its self-righteousness, and its will to conformity, ready to suspect evil, ruthless to pry it out, pitiless to bring it to punishment, and here, in lovely contrast, is the Scotch countryside with "its hawthorne hedges that smelt like sweet nuts," its "rolling fields . . . scattered with pungent, sweet-smelling heaps of cow-dung," its swollen streams that "in the dark seem as vicious and noiseful as the sea," its hillsides and orchards, its brisk winds and sodden rains.

Set in this Scotch landscape is a story of human passions, the drama of Effie Gallows who marries one man to father her love-child by another, and brings suffering and misery on those who would protect her and a cruel death upon herself. An old theme, perhaps. Yes, but new as old experience is always new for each in turn who tastes it, and as perennially fresh as sin and remorse and death. There is an inevitability to the incidents of the story as they flow from Miss Spencer's imagination which lends her tale a moving and tragic dignity. The episodes of Effie's progress toward martyordom are unforced, logical, and convincing, and advance toward the predestined disaster with a constant tightening of emotional tension. Hers is tragedy that springs from the necessities of character and not from fortuitous circumstance, and its poignance is all the greater in that it follows not from her faults but from her virtues.

"Gallows' Orchard" is, indeed, the achievement of a singularly fresh and uninhibited talent. It is lusty with action, presenting one scene after another that is astir with boisterous life, the wedding, the county fair, the fight in which Effie's husband is killed, the trial with its buzzing of a bloodthirsty rabble, the stoning of Effie at the end. On the other hand, it has simple and touching incident, like the death and burial of Effie's child. The story is told through the person of Schoolmaster who becomes Effie's husband after Ernest Weir's marriage to her has ended in his death, and who is the medium through which her personality is reflected. Schoolmaster himself, and Minister his friend, are characters somewhat vaguely realized, though Miss Spencer's intuition feels its way with certainty into the sources and perplexities of their affection for her. They, and even Effie herself, splendid creature though she is and dominate her story as she does, are yet as individuals less emphatically veracious than the book as a whole. It is the truthfulness of its incident, the clarity of its emotion, the intimate feeling of the author for her background, and the vividness with which she conveys scene and action, rather than its personalities, which give "Gallows' Orchard" the tang of life.

The book has a sparkle that is like the exciting quality of bright sunshine, though its portrayal of cruelty is dour enough. Miss Spencer is too much the artist to be the partisan. She passes no judgment upon her Scotch community, nor does she pour out pity on Effie. But her compassion, though unspoken, floods the book. An exacting and rigorous restraint, however, holds emotion free from sentimentality, and prevents the dramatic from becoming the melodramatic. Miss Spencer has gone far.

The Younger Generation

VILE BODIES. By EVELYN WAUGH. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

THE reader finds a clew to what "Vile Bodies" is all about in two quotations from "Alice Through the Looking Glass" and in a chronological note by the author warning that "the action of the book is laid in the near future." These are more serviceable guideposts than the publisher's hopeful description of the book as "tragedy in which comic relief overwhelmingly predominates." The tragic muse would have a hard time indeed accommodating her step to the hop, skip, and jump of this rather riotous satire. And Mr. Waugh's readable and amusing medley is about as near the original "saturikon" as anything modern can be, a hodge-podge of most things in life—politics, church, press, revivalists, motor races, airships, motion pictures, anything that comes into the author's head as meet for lampooning, and always and above everything the younger generation of the upper class in England.

One prefers not to spoil the fun by taking the author too seriously. Why look, as the publisher suggests one should, for a "theme of Hope and Frustration" when it is apparent that this young Englishman is having a perfectly good time lambasting his contemporaries? That is what gives the book any significance it may have. It is a healthy sign that people are ceasing to take flaming youth with the portentous solemnity which has afflicted the post-war generations. If the infection of laughter spreads, even the professional uplifters of youth, even the artists of the radio, may pluck up enough courage to leave off telling the younger generation how wonderful it is and how very, *very* right to "revolt"—whatever that means. In place of assuring youth that its holy mission is to teach its grandmother to suck eggs, it is not a bad idea once in a while to give it a spanking and send it to bed.

This is what Mr. Waugh does, and a pretty savage spanking it is, with ridicule as the birch. "Here," he says to the younger generation, "is what you are going to be like if you go on the way you are going, you perishing young idiots!" And he parades before them an array of naughty, dissipated, quite unmoral young people, with a thirst that would do credit to a prohibition country, and no standards nor any inhibitions to speak of. They are the product ("in the near future," remember) of self-expressionism, and they keep on expressing themselves until they find, with some consternation, that they have nothing left to express. As Mr. Waugh puts it, after describing an episode that might, with luck, attract the favorable attention of Boston, "the truth is that like so many people of their age and class, Adam and Nina were suffering from being sophisticated about sex before they were at all widely experienced." In the end it is evident that the author does not quite know what to do with his young people, so he dumps them into the middle of the next war, much as Alice was dumped into the middle of next week, and leaves them there. This may be "frustration," as the publisher says, but it looks

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much more like a *deus ex machina* to wind up a play of which the author is beginning to tire. However, the individual scenes have been highly diverting and the satire spirited and effective.

An Epic Chronicle

THE CRUSADES: IRON MEN AND SAINTS. By HAROLD LAMB. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

NO episode in European history is more stirring than the First Crusade. None has ever been quite like it. In that first cry that echoed over a field at Clermont an idea was born, an idea of European unity—Christendom, we used to call it—to take the place of the old Roman idea which was dead, a new idea to be the core of a new culture, a new civilization. In that first rush of mailed warriors out of the northern mists, the older and wiser races of the East first learned to know the fighting fury of the nations who face the cold Atlantic, the nations who were in the end to be their masters. The history of the next ten years reads less like sober fact than like some apocalyptic vision, some older myth of the birth and the terrible first warfare of the gods.

In choosing to tell again that familiar story, Mr. Harold Lamb has chosen wisely. As fantastic, as incredible as any adventure in the Mongol conquests, it is better documented, more compact, very much more thoroughly studied and annotated by scholars. But to a writer of Mr. Lamb's temperament and methods that is not its chief advantage. What really drew him to be the biographer of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane was, one may be permitted to suspect, a taste for the epic. And to the writer of epics a familiar subject matter is an immense advantage. Now none of us can quite believe in Tamerlane or Genghis Khan, they are as alien to our tradition as the conventions of a Japanese fairy tale; but Bohemund and Tancred, Peter the Hermit and Godfrey of Bouillon are the heroes of our nursery days! There is not a child among us but has at some time nailed two laths together and played at being a crusader, not an inheritor of this expanded Christendom to whom the very word crusade does not call with imperative recollection like a distant trumpet. So to the strangeness and wonder of the East which holds him, to that spectacular pageantry—enormous marches, doubtful battles, smoking towns—on which he loves to dwell, Mr. Lamb can add this time a story with something of the familiar charm of Robin Hood's or Jack the Giant-Killer's. This ought to be the most popular of all his books.

After only a cursory survey of Western Europe in the eleventh century, Mr. Lamb hastens to the Council of Clermont and the proclamation of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II in 1095. With imaginative fervor he recounts the gathering of the hosts, and follows the fortunes of the various divisions as they press onward toward Byzantium. As the narrative moves eastward, it gains in fulness and in interest; almost half the entire volume is devoted to the march of the main army from Constantinople to Jerusalem. In this portion of the story, with such guides to follow as Fulcher of Chartres and the Anonymous chronicler, and with the drama, with its grim crisis at Antioch and its miraculous turning point in the finding of the Holy Lance, symmetrically arranged by fate, it would be hard for the weakest writer to fail in interest. Mr. Lamb has never written better pages. No one who has read his "Tamerlane" and "Genghis Khan" can doubt his ability to write vividly and persuasively of Oriental warfare and this ability has been enhanced in his present book by a careful study of the sources and by personal inspection of the scenes of action. Naturally, after the fall of Jerusalem, the unity of interest is broken, but the further fortunes of the principal heroes are not neglected, and the whole story is brought down, with considerable detail, to the death of King Baldwin, in 1118. In an epilogue and in several discursive appendices, later events which Mr. Lamb will treat more fully, so his publishers promise, in a subsequent volume, are briefly sketched.

With the modern tendency in history which is distinctly away from the grand battle pictures and elaborate accounts of military exploits which delighted our grandfathers, Mr. Lamb has nothing to do. Only the epic really concerns him. Students who have complained that "Tamerlane" and "Genghis Khan" have added nothing to their comprehension of the history involved, will be no better satisfied with the "Crusades." Mr. Lamb's picture of the "Dark Ages" would have been old-fashioned when Michele wrote, and one suspects that he adopts Professor Monroe's hypothesis that Pope Urban's quarrel with the Emperor was the "cause" of the First Crusade, less from a conviction of its correctness than because it is convenient, dramatic, and saves thought. Nowhere does he consider how such ignorant, poverty-stricken barbarians as he has depicted in his first chapter, could have poured forth such formidable hosts upon the East. The fleets of Pisa and Venice appear off the coast of Syria as if by magic; the commercial interests of Italy are dismissed in a sentence. All the slow, deep-rooted growth of the might of western Europe, all the complicated discussion of the complicated causes of the "First Crusade," interest Mr. Lamb not at all. Nor does he pause, while there is fighting to be described, to dwell on the "Assizes of Jerusalem" or the adjustments of the Crusaders to their new environment. History to Mr. Lamb is a pageant. Military details, of course, are better handled. But not even in this department is the "Crusades" a book for scholars. The discussion of the sources is usually perfunctory and nothing important is added to our knowledge of the events. When the facts are doubtful, Mr. Lamb follows, generally without comment, whichever of several plausible alternatives appeals to him. Missing details his imagination supplies, and no system of footnotes helps his readers to distinguish the passages which Mr. Lamb invents from the passages which Mr. Lamb transcribes. As far as this reviewer was able to determine, the researches in the Vatican, heralded in his publisher's blurb, have yielded mainly several entertaining illustrations.

But it would be unfair to judge this book by the criteria of scientific history. There will always be plenty of solemn discussion of economic causes and social consequences to occupy the solemn minority who like to read them. Mr. Lamb has written for all of us who are still young enough to be stirred by wonder and by courage. For that public he has evoked the choking dust of Asian roadways, the din and sweat, the clashing and confusion of close-pitched battles, the vanity and intrigue of princes, the brutality and superstition and simple, high-hearted faith that brought the army at last through hunger and despair, treacherous friends, and swarming, elusive, warlike foes to the promised land. Of these things he tells with scholarship enough, and with unflagging vigor. By design, this is a popular book. Historians would do well to welcome, without too many questions, any adherent to their ranks who can and does make history really popular.

The Golden Age

THE PAINTER'S CRAFT. By ROYAL CORTISSOZ. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTIAN BRINTON

DO not think to meet in these seasoned pages any hint of that stressful, aspiring modernism which so intrigues the youth of to-day. Here all is serene, lucid, luminous. It is truly the Golden Age of art that Mr. Royal Cortissoz, doyen of our esthetic critics, envisages in his latest offering. Upon perusing this book from cover to cover one is constrained to regard Mr. Cortissoz as the Diderot of his day. Not, of course, the prodigious encyclopædist, but the sound, pithy author of the "Essai sur la Peinture" and the "Salons."

Something of that same regard for the "eternal verities" of form, color, and design, that reverence for established tradition which are so characteristically French, animates with steady, glowing ardor these successive chapters, each of which, is, in essence, an apologia for the writer's particular viewpoint. And just what, in effect, is his viewpoint? It is, stoutly and repeatedly proclaimed, that beauty, "the beauty of perfect craftsmanship," is, or should be, the chief aim and end of art. In this eminently stabilized context, we encounter nothing of that stormy individualism, those tumultuous forces, social and spiritual, that periodically overturn convention and win their way to new freedom and expressional significance. It is rather the "stamp of authority," the potency of "historical precedent," that elicit the author's praise and enlist his support.

It must be conceded that such a forthright, foursquare attitude toward the shifting complex of esthetic standards has much in its favor. As a result, a kind of "inner serenity," a species of "spiritual certitude," pervades from first to last "The Painter's Craft." Only now and again, when he recalls the impious, not to say impudent, attitude of certain of his modernistically minded colleagues does the writer's olympian calm momentarily desert him. It is, in some, impossible not to admire, even to envy, the sanity and scholarly equipoise of the several sections here devoted to such disparate personalities as Velasquez, El Greco, Goya, Chardin, Manet, Renoir, Arthur B. Davies, George Bellows, H. Siddons Mowbray, and that imposing triumvirate of architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White. And Mr. Cortissoz aptly concludes with a eulogy of the American Art Collector of which the cis-Atlantic Maecenas may well be proud.

Whilst passages of genuine insight and sympathetic exposition abound in these compact pages, one, however, looks vainly for some sort of centralized content, for, as it were, a more substantial body of doctrine. The constant stressing of "great craftsmanship," whether it be apropos of Velasquez, Tiepolo, Houdon, Hogarth, or Gilbert Stuart is possibly insufficient for individuals naïve enough to be in quest of creative ideas. And again, one so frequently stumbles upon sincere, though scarcely subtle, berating of the hapless protagonists of the so-called modernist movement that the desired effect is not unnaturally minimized.

And yet, one must not hold the author of "The Painter's Craft" wholly accountable for such shortcomings as the book may seem to betray. The period in which he attained to intellectual majority—the period of the "American Renaissance"—whatever else it possessed was deficient in esthetic divination. Gathered before their easels, or seated about the famous round table of a certain delectable retreat in Gramercy Park during the middle and late 'nineties of the last century was a group of men, accomplished and confident, who exalted the purely technical aspect of art, who were consummate craftsmen, but whose actual message was of modest, not to say meagre, proportions. They were eminently successful and, locally at least, famous. Yet unknown to them was already rising on the far strand of Tahiti, under the burning sun of Arles, or in the grey-green solitude of Aix-en-Provence the flood tide of an art that was soon to place what one may term the inner spiritual dynamic above the mere outward display of technique however brilliant and dazzling.

That which in no small degree mars the fine, reasoned humanism of this particular book, and its incidental revelation of a notably urbane and likable personality, is its covert and often overt antipathy toward modernism *per se*. One misses a sense of the single, continuous stream-line unfolding of the esthetic consciousness which is always more evolutionary than revolutionary, and hence in reality not to be feared. This, in fine, is the one note of dissonance in an otherwise mellow, rounded echo of the Golden Age of art and art culture by our beloved doyen.

The original letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, were recently presented to Wellesley College by Miss Caroline Hazard, former president of Wellesley, as a memorial to her predecessor, Alice Freeman Palmer. They will form part of a collection of all the first and rare editions of the poems of both Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, which was given to the college by Professor George Herbert Palmer after the death of Mrs. Palmer. The letters, which were kept by the two poets, were written during the period of their courtship, and date from January, 1845, to September, 1846, the last being written the day before they left London for Italy soon after their secret marriage.

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The Bowling Green

In the Mail

Santa Anna, Texas
One Saturday Night

I don't know just how the book got into that library—that county library. But it was there. And it found its way over the 85 miles that lead down here to me, in a county and town where there is no library and few books—and since I'm not buying books this particular fall I would be more an-hungered were it not for that Tom Greene County Library and its skimpy rich little shelves. There it was, in that growing pain of a West Texas town, where they've organized a symphony orchestra this year and where a fledgling Fine Arts Society is bringing four "great artists"—and very great they will grow to be in San Angelo. One of them had his bow last night and to-night I have a letter written in the dew of ecstasy from one who was there—ending with the grateful, if conscious, statement that "It was incredibly exquisite, never have I been so entranced, and now there is compensation for the monotony here for so long without anything." I repeat that because it points a finger through this darkness to the shelf on which this book will again rest. They will find it there, they will open it as they sit by the fireplace in a big lumbering ranch house or by their new gas stoves in the "city" bungalows, and they will stretch their infinities. I am glad it is there; I want these, my people, to have food.

After twenty-two years of living in the open air—eating and sleeping with the earth—I came to your jungle. For I was promising, it was said, and I belonged on a New York newspaper. And I got many breaks on the *Telegram*—I even wrote stories on plays,—without knowing there was a book I should have had with me all the time. I found my way to Camden, and, not far from Mickle Street, I found "a man who had spent his life in thinking, and who would understand me, whatever I might say." And I followed him to Harleigh in the snow. Then, always when things got too bad, there were the ferries and First Avenue and the side entrance to the Church of St. Francis across from the Pennsylvania . . . and I bought red apples on Amsterdam Avenue—and walked—and watched the poor devils who came and failed to get the breaks I did—because they were afraid before they started. And I rode the front end of the subways . . . but somehow I got lost. I lost my way in that jungle . . . and I'm not sure yet just why. I looked for that one "plainly dressed in coat and trousers of some coarse weave," but the hurry and the trampling and the half-truths took away the secret of the making of the best persons from me. It would not have been so bad if I had not been successful—if fingers had not pointed to my "future"; the glazed eyes behind those fingers could not know that the creepers were winding me in because I tried to pause for reason and peace. And I think it was the finger of God (about whom I am at peace) that called me away to a sick father—and I came away sickened and tired—but somewhere rejoicing. And the point of all this is that I could not quite find my adjustment, even back here on my prairies. You can't be downed by the rawness and look the future in the eye,—and you can't seek refuge in anything else but the fight—no matter if there is blood and slime and reeking filth and horror at the outer edges. I didn't feel whipped—but it looked that way. Then from that Library I called for that book . . . maybe you've forgotten a lot of it,—but you must not have forgotten how it takes the strangling rope from the necks of those who're coming after. I wouldn't have strangled *dead*—for I've *got* to get through in my way—but I wanted you to know how it helped. I can come back now—if I *must*, just to prove to myself,—and I can run with the wolves . . . for I knew they were lovable and brave—knew there *is* an "unexpressed vision that lights the sacrifice."

S.S. *Cryptic*, Southampton.

She lists a bit to port. Just out of dry dock. Proud and shining in fresh white paint. It was cloudy overhead as the tugs shoved and hauled her out stern first. That great flat harbor was a place of weird signs and symbols and bathed in an inscrutable light. The sea was uncommonly smooth, glassy but opaque. It was jade green, mysterious of countenance. At high noon the dark clouds were underlaid and surmounted by masses of peach-color, a smoky fuscous lumination. Some unknowable power had the place in hand and it waited, cowered in a staring and wild-eyed stupor. The iron cranes that studded the harbor pointed wildly in every direction. No use to try to understand their Babel advice. The Union Jack at our stern writhed in a squally breeze that wasn't any wind at all that could be charted. Now it seemed straining its neck outward, only to wriggle back and curl in some other gust of pain. Following gulls squawked confusingly as if they must all speak now and at once while there be yet time. They swooped and glided; some held themselves head erect, wafted against a wall of air, and then dropped down to a well of space. Seen coming head-on, the white of their heads was whiter than any natural white—and more daring, like whitecaps flung from their moorings. In the jade green sea there were streaks of purple and heavy splotches of peach like that of the sky. The ships in the harbor sat still upon the flat water. There were some beautiful yachts, one white to its waterline and emerald green below. They were innocent, baffled, and sullen. Theirs not to reason why . . . but neither had they any purpose. Only one little sailing barge, very common of origin, went slowly about its business. It had never led a sheltered life and was too inured to the strange ways of sky and sea to be puzzled by them. But it, too, with its murky color and dingy sails, contributed in aspect, if not at heart, to the foreboding atmosphere of that harbor world. I believe that on this Wednesday morning Davy Jones was in Southampton Harbor, probably studying higher mathematics, and to get more light on his book (the subject is complicated at best) he had seated himself not very far below the surface of the sea.

Grand Island, Nebraska.

These arctic evenings in Nebraska are ideal for burying one's self in a book. With the mercury hovering around 20 below there is really nothing else left but to park atop the furnace, read, and pray that the coal holds out. I have just come up for air following several hours browsing about and musing over . . . . It was bought for the library, but as this particular volume happens to be a first, and as I coveted it before the librarian accessioned it and emblazoned it with his seal, the library will never see this one again.

It has long been a wish of mine that you would be moved to write concerning three of my pets—R. L. S., Hardy, and Kipling, above all the clatter—in your essays. Having found 'em all in "Off the Deep End," I'm as happy as Diogenes might conceivably have been, had he and his lantern discovered that honest mind which Donne, too, never made contact with. What a kick I got from that R. K. monograph—beauty of it is you chose "Wireless," and plucked the heart from the later Stalky stories in just the manner to please a nut like myself who suspects they are more than merely clever, yet lacks the discernment to say why, specifically. Now do me another favor. Fire off a few eulosians—the phrase is your own—in honor of E. A. Robinson sometime. If you love Hardy's gnomic cryptic verse you undoubtedly revel in Robinson, too. I've been trying for years to discover what "Luke Havergal" signifies. It's worse—though shorter and more beautiful—than "Sordello."

Wish I might share your passion for Walt. *Inward Ho* has spurred me to the change several times, but it's useless. This despite efforts almost pathologically earnest. My case is that of the lowbrow deplored by Arnold Bennett, who guffawed at the supreme moment in the play because a cat horned into the mise-en-scène. The best Whitman affords me is some of the "horrid fun" that G. B. S.'s women in "Cashel B.'s Profession" did R. L. S. No matter, I enjoy reading your reactions to him, even if the judicious *must* grieve for me. "These things are *arcana*," as Woodberry sagaciates in his introduction to Brooke's collected poems. Walt aside, you have given me priceless hints; I instance "Dreamthorpe," which is become an abiding passion of my life; Geo. Gissing, and the inexhaustible mine of Mosher's "Bibelot."

Literary folk living in N. Y. C., Philadelphia, Boston, or even Chicago or St. Louis little realize how dependent those of the provinces are upon magazine chat and books about books for guidance as well as sustenance and entertainment. Arthur Colton's all too rare reviews in the *Sat. Rev.* are the breath of life to me. Encore, if you have any influence with this man Colton, I wish you would prevail upon him to write a volume of essays. "*The Debatable Land*" and the tales in "*The Delectable Mountains*" show a born essayist with a poet's insight trying to write novels and short stories. Not but that he succeeded, but that isn't his métier.

Well, I wish I might drop into Scribner's or Brentano's—if I ever got into Leary's I'd never get out—and maybe I can some day.

From his own private press in Baltimore, Lewis McKenzie Turner sends us his poem about Walt which deserves wider circulation:—

OLD PARD

You rough-hewn Bard,
You Grand, Old simple, trusting Pard;
You look the part
Of one who knew the Poet's art;
Your rimes are rough, your voice is gruff—
Without the slightest trace of bluff;
And since that time you blazed away,
Why, we have nothing much to say.

You tried so hard to set to song
Those simple words that right a wrong.

So long, old Pard, again we'll meet,
A bit of each in a grain of wheat;
Or perhaps in an old time garden flower—
You a rose and I a bee, to suck your sweet, sane sympathy,
To store it away in a great, round hive,
Where the good are crushed and the wicked thrive;
Or perhaps we may meet far deep in the sea.
In a shell or go back to a Chimpanzee
Old Pard!

The Lilacs, Walt, they stand so still,
And peep above the window-sill;
They see the hat, but "where's the Man?"
They know that you have gone away, Old Pard—
But not to stay.

So long, old Pard, again we'll meet,
When fifes and drums come down the street,
And women kneel at Mercy's feet,
And Love and Sense have met defeat,
Old Pard.

I often sit and see you print,
With contemplative Whitman squint;
You click and click and fill the stick
Beneath the lamp with smoking wick;
With perfect lineaments of face,
You strut your Stuff straight from the Case;
And some are Hacks and some are Scoops
And some are EXTRA—newsy Snoops—
As all the world before you troops.

So long, Old Pard!
The Fire's out, the Press is still.
"The World is Cold" and "Times are Hard,"
Old Pard;
You've cashed your String and gone the Route,
And took the Morning papers out;
We've read your Everlasting Will, Old Pard.
You are, indeed, the Printer's Patron Saint,
And Grand, Old, Home-Made, Shaggy, Rustic Bard—
So long!

LEWIS MCKENZIE TURNER.

Minneapolis.

I am pleased to see that you like "Happy Thoughts." I happen to have the first American edition of every one of the parts and the Handy Volume edition later issued by Roberts, in which they are combined in one volume. I find, however, that practically nobody either among the students or the professional English scholars remembers or cares anything about it.

To make your copy perfect, you should have in the front of it one of the old paper tags taken from the Happy Thought plug which used to be so popular in the tobacco-chewing generation which preceded yours and which I dimly remember. If my collection of tobacco tags had not been dispersed several decades ago, I would send you one.

FRANK K. WALTER.

New York City.

You speak in the Bowling Green of the twentieth anniversary of O. Henry's death being on hand. You may be interested to learn that this coming fall D. Appleton & Company are to publish "The Emperor of Bagdad; the Life, Letters, and Works of O. Henry," by Robert H. Davis and Arthur B. Maurice.

E. L. SMITH.
D. Appleton & Company.

New York University.

In a recent number of the *Saturday Review* you mentioned that "on June 5, 1930, O. Henry will have been dead twenty years." You will recall that June 5 also marks the passing away of Stephen Crane in 1900. May I suggest that the Bowling Green likewise observe this anniversary with some unpublished material, if possible?

JOHN H. BIRSS, JR.

Los Angeles.

Ever since you quoted Whitman's "Hast thou, O pellucid, medicine for case like mine?" I have been looking for the poem in which it occurs, but have been unable to find it. I cannot forbear asking you to tell me the origin. Perhaps it is in a poem not included in my copies of "Leaves of Grass,"—maybe in some other edition. It is indeed one of those short sentences that by a spark explodes in the mind and lights up the wealth of ideas and associations. I have only known the sea in adult life but loved it with streaming eyes, at first sight.

My parents came from the Jersey coast, but all I ever saw of water was the Arkansas River at flood time—and such a flood!—until coming to Los Angeles.

Is there a complete index, or concordance, to Whitman? I have not found any. *I* may attempt it. I see Hoyt's New Cyclopedia gives twenty-four quotations! and Bartlett, four pages, from Whitman.

Do you suppose he was forecasting the radio when he wrote

"That music always round me, unceasing, unbeginning,—
yet long untaught I did not hear"?

When I come up my hill in the evenings after office hours and through the open windows and doors "I listen to the different voices winding in and out, striving, contending with fiery vehemence to excel each other in emotion" I long for the "one silent night a week" someone is advocating as a radio-relief measure.

G. H. P.

I don't remember offhand, but I believe the line occurs somewhere in Whitman's prose?

In his enchanting book on Desert Islands, which is the outgrowth and pearly accretion upon an essay about Defoe, Walter de la Mare quotes many comments that have been made on Robinson Crusoe. But he omits one favorite—perhaps it has not been called to his attention. It is that of the immortal Ruggles, the valet of Red Gap, who said: "Robinson Crusoe is a story in which many interesting facts are conveyed regarding life upon remote islands where there are no modern conveniences and one is put to all sorts of crude makeshifts, but for me the narrative contains too little dialogue."

Particularly we are pleased to find that Mr. de la Mare imagines Robinson Crusoe as having been 38 years of age. It would have pleased us even more if we had known that a year or so sooner.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

An old friend wrote of D. H. Lawrence: "His energy was amazing; I hardly ever remember seeing him idle. He worked with ease and a sort of concentrated enjoyment, more like a bee or some busy animal than like a human being who works upon principle—never with a sense of drudgery or duty but with tremendous zest. He did everything easily and beautifully in a house, in a garden, with children; never impatient, never losing his temper except when he felt people were being false or mechanical."

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Toward Civilization

THE battle over the meaning and course of machine civilization grows apace, with resounding blows along the whole front. What appeared to be a few years ago a tempest in a teapot, a quarrel among mere "literary persons," has become a topic of major interest among hard-headed men of affairs. A subject mildly discussed in women's clubs has broken into offices, factories, smoking compartments, and political assemblies. No theme, not even religion, engages more attention among those who take thought about life as well as living; no class of thinkers or doers can go far without encountering it. None is so humble that he can entirely escape it; none is so great that he can wholly ignore it. A synthesis of modern aspirations, the very concept of this civilization as destiny and opportunity, arrests even the witless; especially invites all who possess the power of brains or money to stop short in their path and consider what work, under the shadow of this challenge, is most worth while here and now.

For many reasons the conflict involves the principal interests of religion. As the concern of the churches about the other world declines in intensity, their activities directed to the improvement of this inevitably increase. Since the good life is a fundamental object of their solicitude, they cannot be indifferent to the conditions under which it must be lived. Moreover there is something of cosmic mystery about the creative urge at work in machine civilization, even though demoniacal as alleged. If a new age dawned in the mists of creation when mind gave direction to clay, may not another and greater era open when the power to force nature to human will through science and machinery is brought under the sway of values and ethical potentialities? In the minds of the highest Christian thinkers there has always been a close affiliation, never an antithesis, between spirituality — divine aspiration—and labor with material things.

One of the prime contributions of Christianity to the West was its emphasis on the virtues of labor with material instruments of production, as contrasted with the contempt which the philosophers of antiquity poured upon it. Through the early centuries of Christian teaching, precepts on the dignity of work ran like a strong refrain. Unceasingly the Church Fathers referred to the divine commands of the Old and New Testaments respecting toil, to the example of Christ the workingman, and to the humble callings of the apostles. Amid the unending storms of feudal wars and flashy chivalry, monasteries and convents kept alive by practice and homily the merits and excellence of work in field and shop. It was a fashion among the humbler artists of the Middle Ages to represent the Blessed Virgin spinning by the cradle of Jesus, Joseph using a saw or ax, and other religious worthies with tools in their hands or engaged in some manual occupation.

Why then should it be assumed that the creative activity of the engineering era is necessarily a break with the past rather than a continuation, on a grand scale, of cosmic labors begun when the seas were separated from the land and squirming life appeared in the waters? Experience and such reason as we have bid us hold to the unity of all things. Even an event, as Whitehead says, is an organism and the earth itself has been held to be a worthy place for the kingdom of heaven.

In this continuous creative process which produces and sustains our machine civilization, all take part, whether they work or buy or criticize or amuse themselves; all are in some intimate way directors of it or victims of it, twist and turn as they will; to its inescapable imperatives they must conform. And at bottom all, or nearly all, are alternately hopeful and pessimistic about it; they both cheer and curse it. As they observe the wireless radio encompassing the earth with music or the airplane soaring in the sky they marvel at its wonders; caught in its daily routine, its grinds, and its traffic jams they damn its tyrannies and futilities. At one hour it seems big with destiny; at another heavily laden with absurd telephone calls and vain irritations. But they cannot escape it. Day and night it encompasses them. Whoever would fain accomplish great things must somehow coöperate with it.

Nevertheless this machine civilization is under general indictment as the foe of all values, human and divine. Although feudal and clerical Europe is rapidly being transformed in its image, America is chosen by the critics as the best illustration of the evil they resent. But if America, as they allege, represents in their minds not a nation but a symbol, still it is fitting that in the New World, rather than the Old, the challenge should be met and the issue probed to the bottom.

First upon the bill of indictment is the allegation that modern civilization "quantifies" life, uses mathematics to measure all good. *"Quantity, in America,"* says Müller-Freienfels, speaking for Europe,

> *is not a fact, as with us; it is a value.* To say that something is large, massive, gigantic is in America not a mere statement of fact, but the highest commendation. The idyllic frame of mind which sees positive value in small and restrained and limited things is un-American. . . . In America everything big is blindly accepted. Magnitude, in the purely external sense of largeness, sets the standard of value. . . . The millions of the wealthy receive the same homage as titles and orders in Europe. Social position is determined by the size of a man's bank account. . . . The American has no perception of the incommensurable.

But this quantification is merely a reflection of a deeper cause—the mechanization of life: Item Number Two on the bill of indictment. Under the machine the human soul is rationalized. By rationalization is meant the prevalence of practical thinking, of the concentration of the intellect on the practical, useful, and efficient, and the obverse of this attitude is the repression and suppression of all that is merely agreeable, emotional, and irrational in the personality. . . . Man himself is becoming mechanized, is considered solely with regard to his performance. What are the holders of the great athletic records but machines for boxing, playing baseball, or running? And the workers in the factories? They too are machines, which indefatigably exercise the same function, a function rationally acquired, without personal relation to the thing which they are making. . . .

The machine, we are told in elaborations of this argument, is utterly indifferent to the human element—to labor—treats it as a quantity; so many hands, so many hours, so many units per hand-hours. (It may not be impertinent to recall the fact that the term "hand" comes from the agricultural age.) The machine chains man to his working process, deprives him of initiative, draws out his energies (heat units), and then in times of business depression, certainly in his old age, throws him out a wreck upon the tender mercies of society. Indeed it may supplant him in middle life by new labor-saving devices and leave him stranded, a forlorn derelict, possessing an obsolete technique, helpless amid a jungle of whirling wheels that heed him not. It maims him in accidents, deafens him by clangor, houses him in monotonous slums, removes him from organic connections with nature—soil, rain, trees, and green grass—and offers him only mechanical amusements in his leisure hours. When "hands" are treated as quantities, the human spirit withers.

FROM the conquest of industry by mathematics and mechanics results inevitably the standardization of all life, outside of industry as well as inside.

> If you go shopping you will find everywhere the same standard wares in the window. All men seem to be clothed by the same tailor, and all women seem to have bought their hats at the same shop. As a matter of fact, they buy the same things in different shops. Everything reaches a most respectable standard, but everywhere this standard has the effect of a levelling, a standardization. The most remarkable thing is that even the people impress one as having been standardized. All these clean-shaven men, all these girls, with their doll-like faces, which are generally painted, seem to have been produced somewhere in a Ford factory, not by the dozen but by the thousand. In no other country are the individuals reduced to such a dead level as in the United States.

With the mechanization of life comes a revolution in ethics—under the machine, morality is not a matter of the inward spirit but simply of external conformity to the *mores* of standardized masses—a morality of material utility and success. This constitutes another item in the bill of indictment. The machine man, typified by the American in particular, "believes his superficial humanitarian morality to be the absolute morality; not for a moment does he doubt its general validity. . . . Morality is the normal good behavior of the typical citizen or bourgeois. In the artistic circle of Europe the title of 'bourgeois' is almost a term of abuse; on the other side of the Atlantic 'citizen' is a title of honor. If one were to say in France or Germany that so-and-so was a 'good citizen' *un bon bourgeois*, one would imply that he was something of a Philistine; the term would be employed ironically; but in America it is a commendation that may be heard at every turn."

IF morality is conformity, if values are merely quantitative, if the man with the most goods is the most highly regarded, then it follows that in politics the democracy of balloting-equality is a delusion. This logic has not escaped the formulators of the indictment here summarized. It is a prominent number on the bill. "In America it is not really the mass of the equalitarian Demos that rules, but an oligarchy of dollars and technique. That man is a ruler in America who possesses money, railways, mines, and a press. This is not felt to be inequality, as a nobility of birth would be, because every American believes that if he had luck he might one day acquire these means of power. And the oligarchy is cunning enough ever and again to remind Demos, to suggest to him, to hammer it into his brain, that the people governs by means of the vote, whereas in actual fact the vote is controlled by the press and the money." If there is fundamental truth in this allegation, can democracy function under the machine? If it cannot, what is the alternative?

Against no creation of the machine is the esthetic indictment more often lodged than against the industrial city—the Birminghams, Essens, and Pittsburghs of modern civilization. It is a horror, we are informed, a wilderness of brick and mortar, a smudge of smoke, grime, soot, and squalor; the sunlight is obscured or if perchance it breaks through the pall it cannot reach the dark rooms of the city's canyons. The very air is foul with fumes and gases. A blight falls like a curse upon the vegetation. Urban architecture is at best anarchic; if a genius does erect a monument of beauty, it is certain to be blasted by neighboring monstrosities. The checkerboard lay-out of street, with its dull monotony, makes impossible grand vistas and inspiring scenes. The only reason why the urbanite can endure this nightmare is because "the cosmic beat in his being is decreasing," and he is sinking down into the vegetable, perhaps, the mineral kingdom. If he rejoices in the city it is merely a sign of his physical degeneration.

Even pure science, the noble spirit of curiosity, disinterested inquiry into the natural world, the quest of truth for its own sake, is under the blight of mechanical utility. American scientists are dominated by the mathematical and practical. "Americans have little esteem for the research-worker who seeks knowledge for its own sake. . . . This is apparent even in the exact sciences. Even the patriotic American will be forced to admit that the great discoveries in theoretical physics and chemistry are made in Europe."

Then what of religion under the machine? That, too, it is alleged, is transformed in the image of utility and mass production. The soul of man is depersonalized, denaturized. The machine man is dominated by rationality, the practical and the prosaic, "which conditions his external success in technicalizing, mechanizing, and standardizing life. But this rationality must not be confused with *intellectuality*, with *spirituality*, in the European sense, if by this one understands absorption in the profounder scientific, artistic, and philosophical problems of existence. In this sense the American is *un*spiritual, *un*intellectual, *un*philosophical. Problems do not interest him." Religion is powerful in America only because it has been emptied of its historic content and changed into a religion of optimism.

This program of damnation is discouraging enough, but to crown it all we are told that the machine threatens a destruction of our natural resources (upon which industrial processes rest) and that another world war of machines and chemistry

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by Charles A. Beard

may wipe out all Western civilization, the good with the bad. Mr. Stuart Chase has formulated the indictment of waste and, in the same breath, expressed skepticism about the ability of the "miracle-makers of science" to repair the havoc they have wrought. In any case a problem and a peril must be faced. Nor is there any doubt about the nature of the next war, "if it comes."

If unjust here and there, if exaggerated and overemphasized in detail, these charges are not merely captious or irrelevant. If they hark back to a buried past, they are not wrong, for the unity of history and culture is never sharply broken. At all events intelligent persons are giving heed to these criticisms, are wrestling in spirit with the problems raised by them, are deeply impressed at least by the partial truth that inheres in them. No human being far above an oyster in mentality can fail to recall, as he reads them, horrible examples from life and experience to illustrate them—New York City from the elevated railway, huge sections of Pittsburgh and Chicago, shabby and dilapidated water fronts, glorious spots of nature made hideous by factories, endless rows of monotonous dwellings, the shameful disregard of beauty along the highways from Boston to San Francisco, magnificent avenues through forest and valley ruined by billboards and gas-filling shacks, fretful masses rushing from one mechanical show to another, the horrible outpouring of radio nonsense, natural and canned, the unceasing roar and grind of urban life.

Thousands who do not rest their jagged nerves in quiet country houses, who must spend their waking and sleeping hours amid the dust and stews of the city, feel that, with all this chatter and rattle about prosperity, life is lacking in security, in richness, in sweet contentment, and in the joy of inward contemplation. Amid the plethora of goods turned out by the machine they remain unsatisfied in soul, encounter no great exaltation of spirit.

These questioners and doubters constitute a second line of objectors not to be ignored. They accept science and machinery without bowing down blindly before the calf of steel and concrete. They recognize a certain inevitability in the current development and see immense potentialities in it, but wonder whether the new Leviathan has not got entirely out of the control of its makers. They are inquiring whether engineers and scientists are at present a lot of small fellows doing great things dimly understood or are big men capable of heroic and highly imaginative enterprises, if set free. They do not believe, with the intransigents, that civilization is a kind of loose garment that can be put on and off by esthetes and connoisseurs at will, that evils are always perversities arising from wicked desires; on the contrary they think that civilization is in deep and tangled ways a part of and a reflection of the work that people do.

ALTHOUGH engineers and scientists are not always specifically named in the bill of indictment, they are undoubtedly among the accused at the bar and cannot escape the duty of taking thought about the charges that confront them. Are they, as claimed, merely robots of their own creations, servants not masters of the machine, doers not thinkers? Are the inventors, operators, and extenders of machinery in truth more indifferent to values, human and divine, than warriors, priests, and aristocrats of blood (and land and iron)? Is it true, as Veblen says, that the technologist has no "canons of validity" at all, that these are purely cultural in origin and sanction? In final analysis are all values—moral, esthetic, and religious—to be left to the determination of literary critics, artists, and abstract philosophers standing outside the machine process itself? Surely, those are questions of importance. Every other class in history—landed, bourgeois, and laboring—has created its own ideology, its world of values, ideas, and symbols. Editors claim to be a kind of fourth estate in modern civilization. Technologists are not an exception to the universal rule; will they assert their right to be considered as a fifth estate in the modern order, perhaps the first?

Certainly they are the best fitted by training and experience to report on the tendencies and possibilities of the machine system. They can tell us whether the esthetic and moral offenses developed in industrial society are permanent and inescapable accompaniments of their enterprises or are merely temporary evils due to the crude beginnings of the early stage. It is well to remember, after all, that the steam-engine burst in upon an agricultural world with an intellectual, esthetic, and moral heritage of its own. It was in an ethical and religious order to which many critics of the machine process would fain return that the engineer began his work, and perhaps some of the worst evils that followed his early operations are to be attributed to the weakness of the old heritage rather than the nature of technology itself. Whether the spirit of science, which is responsible for our magnificent machines, can conceive of a magnificent society is a problem in technology.

Whatever evils in our civilization may be legitimately ascribed to science and the machine—the noise, congestion, ugliness, grime, discomfort, and distress of the ill-planned city, for example—the task of removing them is an engineering undertaking. They spring from arrangements of materials; their removal calls for the rearrangement of materials. Poets and philosophers may dream dreams for human society, youth may see visions, but the realization of their aspirations hangs upon the capacity and understanding of the engineer. Upon his nature, competence, and hopes depend all achievements in reconstruction. Architects, artists, and planners of civilization must convince him; he alone can tell them what is possible in the management of power and materials. Without his coöperation all others are mere builders of cloud castles. Many things he himself can do now in the work already under his hand; greater things he could accomplish if he had larger vision; immeasurable things lie ahead, if with him and his technique were associated all the high imaginative forces of modern civilization.

When true to his vows, the scientist is peculiarly competent to deal with the issues which vex the humanists, is under obligations to consider them, must face them if he is to make the most of his own powers. He does not cease to be human because he works with materials; the artist must study anatomy, physiology, the chemistry of color, and the composition of light. The scientific method does not stop at physics and chemistry; nor is cold rationality its only instrument of research and operation. Some of our greatest inventors and scientists have confessed to the uses of imagination and intuition—artistic perception—in making discoveries of practical utility and the highest philosophic value. Science has not cut loose from humanity and its heritage. "Always," says Spengler, "science has grown up on a religion and under all the spiritual prepossessions of that religion. . . . Always it carries along the kernel of a religion in its ensemble of principles, problem-enunciations, and methods." In other words, the technician, besides being a specialist, works in the general process of civilization with all its intellectual instrumentalities, and cannot be cut off permanently from organic relations.

And there is no doubt that the real makers of machine civilization will give increasing attention to the values inherent or implied in their work. Under what seems to be a law of intellectual evolution, they will turn in upon themselves, seek to evaluate the upshot and outcome of their labors—deeds no less than thought engender reflection. Deeds produce ideas; they evolve together, with reciprocal and cumulative effect, as William James contended, and cannot escape the iron embrace in which they are locked. Although engineering journals are still crowded with technology, with graphs, diagrams, formulas, and mathematical calculations which are mysteries to laymen, there are many signs that the engineering fraternity is on the eve of a great intellectual awakening.

When scientists and engineers enter upon the larger way, they will cease to turn on their critics, saying: "You have abused the instruments we have made." Although there is truth in the retort, yet upon the designer and builder rests a large part of the responsibility for the choice of place and materials and the methods of the doing. He cannot escape his obligations by crying out that the upshot is none of his business. Perhaps in the end, the defenders of science and machinery will be the most formidable and effective critics of these instrumentalities of the modern age, and when the avalanche does start to move, machine civilization may prove to be strangely plastic, not a stereotype. It may turn out that those who love and understand the test tube and the engine will be masters in the end—great masters not unworthy of standing beside the artists and builders of old.

HERE then are the issues. Here are the high parties to the case at the bar of opinion, where world history, as the Germans say, serves as the world court of last appeal. Now, at law there are many ways of meeting a bill of indictment. The charges may be categorically denied; then proof must be forthcoming. They may be admitted and a demurrer filed to the effect that they do not constitute wrongs as alleged. They may be offset by countervailing and extenuating circumstances that render them irrelevant. They may be conceded in principle and parried by a promise of abatement and reformation.

To some extent these procedures may be adopted in the case of Values *versus* Things. But on the whole the analogy is misleading. Is it possible to find judges standing above and outside the controversy and yet competent to render a true verdict? Are the contestants who have lodged the bill of indictment wise and dispassionate enough to act as referees in their own cause? Can the issues be disentangled from the clashes of classes, religions, and nations for consideration on their intrinsic merits? And who is to lay down the law governing the case?

Two points apparently pertinent to the case deserve consideration. The first is that the process of mechanization is increasing in speed and widening its geographical area. It is by no means confined to the United States; it spreads to the uttermost boundaries of the world. Even the severest critics of the tendency admit that. Many of the Europeans who deplore it concede its momentum and merely appeal for a counter-revolution. Since this is true, it follows that our philosophizing, teaching, preaching, and aspiring in the future will have to take note of the extension of the machine process. What inventors and operators think about the nature of their work, about the forces inherent in it, about the directions of its expansion, is accordingly of the highest importance as an indication and as a source of creative efforts. It is time that they were heard from.

A second point pertinent to the case in hand is the fact that the most ardent critics of machine civilization believe in religion as a source of values—in the existence of an underlying spirit, in the divine government of the world. Then it would seem from their indictment that the heavenly hierarchy is letting an ever larger proportion of the human race escape from control, is indifferent to the course of things, is powerless to change it, or predestined it in the beginning. Their other available assumption is that the Devil is gaining, is getting not merely the hindmost, but the leading participants in the grand procession. In either case the dilemma thus presented must be distressing to critics. It might be more in keeping with their assumptions and convictions to accept the central advance of the machine process as a great demiurgic movement, with new values in the making—a process continuing the old tendencies of Western civilization on a new level, on a scale more vast, with a possible humanistic upshot transcending the historic ideals of caste—literary, artistic, political, and religious. At all events it is fitting that scientists and engineers, the makers, directors, and expanders of the machine process, should be given a full day in court.

The foregoing article, in expanded form, is to serve as the introduction to "Toward Civilization," a symposium on contemporary life edited by Professor Beard, to be published by Longmans, Green & Co. Readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW *will know Mr. Beard as the author of numerous important works, among the latest of which is "The Rise of American Civilization," and as the editor of the recent successful compendium "Whither Mankind."*

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Books of Special Interest

After the Deluge What?

THE STOCK MARKET CRASH AND AFTER. By IRVING FISHER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by SAMUEL W. ANDERSON

PROFESSOR FISHER'S latest contribution to current financial and economic subjects takes the form of a historical review of the Wall Street panic which began in September, 1929, and continued with increasing fury through October and the first part of November. The volume is on the whole a fairly accurate study of the various aspects of the stock market crash and contains a well organized series of reflections on the several reasons for the long bull market of 1922-1929. Professor Fisher also sets forth in some detail the evidence, as he sees it, justifying from an economic point of view the development of the bull market which terminated last fall and supporting the contention, which he renews in this book, that the oft-repeated reference to the "new era" found so frequently during the last two years in the press, did not consist of rainbow chasing as so many felt to be the case during the hectic hours of last fall. In support of this contention Professor Fisher presents an analysis of the well-known disposition of corporations to pay less in dividends than is earned; evidence to prove that the price-earnings ratio (that magic phrase of market letter writers) improved from the standpoint of the investor during practically all of 1929 due to the rather rapid increase in earnings up until mid-summer; a summary of the more liberal attitude of the Government with respect to mergers and some of the other important aspects of the economics of mergers, and a discussion of industrial management and labor's coöperative policy. He takes up also the question of the dividends of prohibition, setting forth the economic argument for prohibition admirably divested of all discussion of moral and philosophical aspects; advances again his pet theory of relief in several years of stable money with some ominious forecasts as to long term commodity price trends; summarizes the arguments originally presented to an astonished world by Edgar Lawrence Smith in regard to the flight from bonds to stocks, adding some interesting comments upon the late-lamented popularity of investment trust financing, discusses speculation and brokers' loans and the remedies and preventatives of panics, and ends with a successful chapter devoted to loud whistling to keep up courage.

So much for the contents of the volume. It is a book which we might well have expected Professor Fisher to write, but I suspect that if it is read by any occupants of board room seats they will find it lacking in practical suggestions to correct their own mistakes and to help crystalize the lessons for which they paid so dearly last fall. It was hardly to be expected, of course, that Professor Fisher would undertake to develop these lessons from the standpoint of the practical trader, for it is probable his experience along such lines does not qualify him to write on such a subject. It would undoubtedly have increased the value of the book for the general reader very greatly if such had been the case. How many of us, for example, would not have been glad to substitute all of our knowledge of fundamental economic theory for the courage to follow some of the axioms set forth below:

Never trade on limits, always buy and sell at the market. The extra eighth or quarter may cost you 50 points.

The fact that a stock is above or below cost does not help to make it a sale or a purchase.

When the averages start to make successive lows and fail to break through successive highs something is wrong and it is well to reef sail.

Money rates in the end will have their way.

When the new issue market has been over-flooded and new issues tend to sag something must give way.

Scale orders always buy the poor stocks and fail to buy the good ones except when the market in general goes through all limits, in which event all purchases are in error in any case.

No stock is ever good enough to move against the market for very long.

If you get emotionally fond of a stock better sell it.

We wish that some of the people who act on these axioms would write their version of the "Stock Market Crash and After."

There are viewpoints in Professor Fisher's volume in which we think he has tangled himself up. The following paragraph is illustrative:

> This tax on profits on the sale of stocks, bonds, real estate, and so on, was put into the original income tax law in 1913. It had no proper part in such a law, for the simple reason that profits on such sales represent a growth in capital, not a growth in income. In successive annual reports, Secretary Mellon had repeatedly called attention to the fact that such taxes hinder and prevent business transactions which would otherwise take place. If the law were repealed the loss in revenue would be, in a degree, counterbalanced by the encouragement which repeal would give to turning into real profits the paper profits on securities as fast as they accrue. These real profits might then be added to the capital fund of taxpayers, and put to work earning more money that would be taxable.

It has always seemed to us that the distinction between paper and realized profits, capital and income, particularly from the standpoint of the more or less active trader or even from the standpoint of the investor, largely confuses the issue. If a security is not sold by reason of taxes and then the tax on capital gain is repealed and the security sold, the investor is confronted with the same dilemma of reinvesting his money, and the presumption is that if he is to get the same quality of investment as that which he has sold he must accept much the same investment return. It appears, therefore, that such an argument for the repeal of the capital gain tax is entirely fallacious. Perhaps the repeal of the capital gain tax might be considered a joyful act chiefly because it would remove the cause of the illusion held by so many people that securities should not be sold because the tax on profit would be so large. We wonder what has happened to the people who were guided by that philosophy last summer.

A Novelist's Columbus

COLUMBUS: DON QUIXOTE OF THE SEAS. By JACOB WASSERMANN. Translated by ERIC SUTTON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP

IF Jacob Wassermann's "Columbus" was intended to be a caricature of the current school of biographical writing, it is a brilliant success; if, as the publishers set forth, it is a serious historical and psychological study, it may fairly claim consideration as the dullest concatenation of words put into print during the present season.

The author states that he has been reading about Columbus for twenty years, at intervals, but the only writers whom he mentions are Washington Irving and Alexander von Humboldt. There are numerous references to "friends" and "enemies" of the discoverer, but never a statement sufficiently definite to enable a reader familiar with the books to guess which one is meant. Dates and names are given with all the earmarks of having been cited from memory, and without the assurance that could have been secured by consulting any encyclopædia. Upon this foundation is erected a cock-sure interpretation of every influence, internal and external, that motivated the known or the supposed actions of Columbus. When he went to the Portuguese king in 1481, "What material, information, and arguments he had collected . . . we cannot now say . . . (But, in the next sentence) he brought forward all the authorities he could quote in support of himself—poets, philosophers, astrologers, the Prophets, but . . . he never uttered Toscanelli's name . . . Which is strange." But not as strange as the mentalities which, four hundred and fifty years later, can fill 276 pages with this sort of ineptitudes, and get them printed in two languages.

The explanation of the book appears to lie in a great Idea which came to the author in much the same divine inspirational way as an earlier idea is supposed to have reached the Discoverer. Wassermann made the acquaintance of "Don Quixote," and the vision came to him that Christopher Columbus was the original from whom Cervantes drew his characterization. Incidentally, it may be added that the author nowhere reveals a greater intimacy with the knight of La Mancha—whose date he misses by not quite a full century—than might have been gained from Ticknor's "Spanish Literature." However, under the impulse of this Idea, some seventy thousand words were put onto paper, with every conveniently remembered fact moulded to suit the needs of the argument.

As a parody of the modern biographical method, it is perfect.

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"The figure moved into the light. He was slightly bent and even more middle aged than Mr. Enward. He wore a flat-topped felt hat, a long ulster, and large, shapeless gloves. About his neck was an enormous yellow scarf, and Mr. Enward noticed, in a numb, mechanical way, that his shoes were large and square-toed and that he carried a tightly furled umbrella on his arm though the snow was falling heavily." (Red Aces, Page 15.)

And here is J. G. Reeder in action:

"The bright shining eyes were fixed on hers. She almost swooned with horror.

"That doesn't mean I'm going to murder you or cut your throat or do any of the things I tried to do to Mr. Reeder this morning—oh yes, I was the fantastical gentleman on the *Zaira*. The whole thing happened a few yards from where you're standing. Now, Anna, you're going to be very sensible, my sweet—there's nobody within five miles of here who is at all concerned—"

The hinges of the door were rusty; they squeaked when it was moved. They squeaked now. Clive Desboyne turned in a flash, fumbling under mackintosh and coat.

"Don't move," said Mr. Reeder gently.

It was his conventional admonition.

"And put up your hands. I shall certainly shoot if you do not. You're a murderer—I could forgive you that. You're a liar—that, to a man of my high moral code, is unpardonable."

The dozen detectives who had been waiting for three hours in this dank house came crowding into the room, and snapped irons on the wrists of the white-faced man.

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On Poetry and Drama

A Poet of Suffering

TU FU, The Autobiography of a Chinese Poet. Vol. 1. A.D. 712-759. Translated by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1929.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HUNG
Harvard-Yenching Institute

OF all of China's centuries of poetry, there is none more brilliant than the eighth, and of all the poets of the eighth century, there are none who are more admired than Li Po and Tu Fu. Which of the two is the greater poet has been for centuries debated among Chinese men of letters, and will probably remain a subject for debate for many centuries to come. It is not as difficult, however, to notice the wide difference between these two poets who were contemporaries and friends.

Li Po wrote rapidly, on inspiration. His world was a world of women, wine, and song. It was a dream world in which one's anxieties and disappointments were transformed into the ecstasy of rhythm and beauty. He was a poet who rode on the clouds and extended a lifting hand to petty humanity below, raised it up, and carried it away. Tu Fu took his poetry seriously; he wrote realistically and painstakingly, his world was a world of suffering. He was the artist who painted for us hunger and starvation, wounds and death, with heart-breaking vividness. His rhythm was not the rhythm of ecstasy but the rhythm of pathos. His power was not power that illuminates indifference but it was the power that made men weep until they became indignant with the evils which had caused suffering. That is why one reads Li Po when one wishes to forget history but one reads Tu Fu when one wants to understand it.

Tu Fu lived during a most amazing period in the history of the T'ang dynasty, —the period when the pomp and power of T'ang suddenly turned to disaster. As Tu Fu had his full share of fortune and misfortune his poetry is a vivid mirror of his times.

The life of Tu Fu might be divided into two main periods. In the beginning of the year 760 he went to the province of Szechuan. From then on, the last ten years of his life, which were comparatively uneventful, showed quite a contrast to the heart-throbbing rhythm of his poetry before.

The first period of his life, the forty-seven years from 712 to 759, might be subdivided into four divisions:

(1) 712-735, a period of which we know very little. His later reminiscences mention some incidents of this early life. We are told that he began to write poetry when he was six years old, but poems of this early period are not existent in his present collection.

(2) The period beginning with the year 735 in which he went to the capital to take the imperial examinations but failed. Then, as he tells us later, he spent his life traveling on the back of a donkey for nearly thirteen years. In 746 he went to the capital again, took another set of examinations, but failed once more. He was evidently very anxious to enter the service of the government but had yet to spend several years waiting until 751 when he caught the attention of the Emperor by presenting a piece of his literary work. We have only a few poems left of the period from 736 to 751. They show the eagerness of a man for public service but they do not compare well with his later work.

(3) The period 752-755, the years during which Tu Fu spent most of his time at the capital, waiting for some worth-while appointment in which he could apply his learning. It was, however, a period during which he became more and more dissatisfied with the condition of things. We have a number of poems of the period which manifest a critical attitude toward the rule of the T'ang government.

(4) The tragic era in the life of Tu Fu beginning towards the end of the year 755 when a great revolution broke out which almost ended the T'ang Dynasty. There were both war and famine and from that time to the end of 759 it was a heart-breaking period both in the life of Tu Fu and in the history of the T'ang Dynasty. Tu Fu was separated from his home for long periods. Some of his children were literally starved to death. He was at one time captured by the rebels and his journeys from one place to another were full of suffering and agony. Finally, in 759 he was appointed to a petty official charge for which he had no inclination. Famine broke out again; he left his official charge and went away with his family to the west to find food. We have quite a large number of poems of this period which show Tu Fu at his best in poetry. Towards the end of the Chinese calendar year he wrote seven poems which have made many a reader weep. He was then thoroughly disillusioned; he found that he was getting old, it was no longer possible for him to serve the country, so he resigned himself to fate and went at the beginning of the following year to live with one of his friends at Szechuan.

Mrs. Ayscough has done well in making the year 759, with which she ends her first volume, a dividing line in the life of Tu Fu. It is difficult to understand, however, why she did not carry the year 759 to its end, but left off with the summer. Her subdivisions of the life of Tu Fu prior to 760 are also difficult to understand. She has: 713-726, Childhood Time; 726-735, Early Years Time; 736-746, Giving Way to Carousal Time; 746-756, Middle Life Time. This scheme of division is both arbitrary and defective, especially at the beginning and at the end. One fails to understand particularly how she could include the years 757-759 within the period 746-756.

Mrs. Ayscough's work has been made easy by using as her basis of translation the "Tu Shih Ching Ch'uan," and by the assistance of a Chinese teacher of whom she speaks in very generous terms. She has evidently worked on this book industriously and painstakingly for several years. Unfortunately it does not show as complete accuracy as one might desire. The reviewer has not taken the pains to check up every detail of her work, but some of the errors might be mentioned.

In the matter of chronology the change from Nien to Tsai should begin with 744, not with 742. It is also difficult to understand why she translates the word Tsai, "revolution." It is simply a classical synonym for Nien, both of which mean year.

In the year 767 Tu Fu wrote a poem about a certain dancer, and in the preface he mentions having seen a similar dance when he was a child, in the year 715. The Chinese text has a variant reading which gives the year as 717. The reading of 717 is probably the more correct, because the text of the poem has a statement to the effect that fifty years have gone by quickly, and also because as a child of five instead of three, he was more likely to have observed enough of the dance which was to be remembered for fifty years.

In the matter of geography there are also some errors. To make Tu Ling a part of the district of Feng T'ien is like making Boston a part of Providence. It is also too hazardous to infer that Tu Fu was born in Tu Ling. Some modern Chinese scholars have thought that he was born in Feng T'ien, but this is equally untenable. We do not know where Tu Fu was born. The map at the end of the book is not very good. On this map "Fenghsien" is probably a misspelling for "Feng Hsiang." It is also hard to understand why she has Fu Chou in the text of the book, but Fuchow on the map.

In the matter of translation Mrs. Ayscough's experiment of translating each Chinese word almost literally is rather an interesting one, the origin of which she narrates in a charming fashion in her preface. It does bring out here and there some interesting shades which are missed in freer translations. On the other hand, this has its own dangers. Chinese characters, like English words, sometimes have several meanings for one character. It is not always easy to pick out just the one right meaning among many, for translation. Her Chinese helper often gives her the wrong meaning. Take, for instance, "Perverse, wayward, I came down from ranks of those who had received rewards of merit." This is obviously a mistranslation. The original text meant merely to say that after failing to please the examiners, he departed from the examination hall.

Take again, "Propriety is outraged; the stronger women grasp the hoe, the plough. Grain springs on dykes, in fields; divisions East and West are wiped out." The original lines mean merely, "Although there are strong women handling the hoe and the plough and grain grows, yet the field boundaries are not repaired." It is not necessary to multiply examples of this nature. Mrs. Ayscough has the habit also of adding words which are not in the text. For instance, when she comes across a Chinese proper name she often translates literally the meaning of the characters in the proper name, which is, in many cases, unnecessary and incorrect.

Taking the book as a whole, however, it is a praiseworthy attempt on the part of a Westerner to understand and interpret sympathetically Chinese culture. Mrs. Ayscough has added a considerable amount of material on the history of the T'ang dynasty of this period, which she has gathered principally from Western sinological works. This tends to make the period more vivid to the reader. There is also a delightful informality in her treatment of her subject. Her accounts are interspersed, here and there, with her conversations with her Chinese teacher, which throw a great deal of light on Chinese life and customs which must be unfamiliar to the ordinary European reader. She takes a very generous attitude towards the Chinese and things Chinese.

The book is quite well printed, and it has many artistic illustrations which, though historically valueless, are, nevertheless interesting.

Diagnosing Little Theatres

FOOTLIGHTS ACROSS AMERICA. Toward a National Theatre. By KENNETH MACGOWAN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1930. $3.75.

Reviewed by MONTROSE J. MOSES

IT was essential, for the better understanding of the Little Theatre Movement, that a survey should be made of its many activities, such as Kenneth Macgowan has just made and issued under the romantic title of "Footlights across America." Such a title may almost be taken literally, so plentiful are the groups pledged to the production of drama, not alone for their own edification, but for the leisure salvation of the localities in which they live. In many ways, no sooner is such a book as this compiled, than it is somewhat out of date, since Little Theatres have a way of being born and of passing quickly. But the features of the country, dramatically, however remarkably they may have changed since the first Little Theatres did their pioneer work, are now sufficiently pronounced for such a survey as Mr. Macgowan's to paint the picture, to diagnose the limitations, to judge the character, to indicate the strength and weakness, to prophesy the trend of future development. In this respect, "Footlights across America" is a wise, an invaluable estimate, written with sympathy, and often with enthusiasm and expressing a wonder at the huge activity that is going on along a theatrical "road" which was deserted by the commercial theatre manager as dead, but which has now awakened under the enthusiasm of the theatre amateur.

"Footlights across America" points to the fact that the Little Theatre Movement has gone beyond its pioneer state, that a healthy art consciousness has turned the amateur away from amateurism. Mr. Macgowan found, on a 14,000 mile trip, financed by the Carnegie Foundation and the American Association for Adult Education, that the insurgent theatre seeds, sown as early as 1900, had blossomed over the entire country; that a land left to parch for amusement by the commercial theatre manager, was falling back successfully on its own resources, was tapping new springs of talent and endeavor, was training an intelligent theatre audience to seek eagerly for amusement right at home, instead of looking to a conventional Broadway to supply it for them.

In order to attain the standards which Mr. Macgowan found, the Little Theatre Movement has had to go through periods of shocking inadequacy, of unwise play selection, of self-exploitation, of slipshod budgeting; it has had to be lifted out of its inadequacy by many good angels, and these angels have more or less been fluttering on the Little Theatre horizon ever since. But, despite their shortcomings, they nurtured O'Neill, they encouraged the new scenic designer, they did many memorable things.

As the Movement became more widespread, as amateurism slipped into professionalism, which was inevitable, it was found, as is clearly shown in Mr. Macgowan's survey, that, if there was to be any hope for the local theatre, appealing for support to local pride, such a theatre must be run on strictly professional lines. The ever-increasing confidence of the people supporting the theatre necessitated a more thorough-going selection of plays, a more careful manner of production, a more satisfactory method of selecting actors, a more businesslike way of running the theatre.

So we have, during the years, witnessed new types of theatres springing out of the amateur desire to supply the "home town" with entertainment. Civic theatres, community theatres, stock theatres, so-called repertory theatres have come into being, each with its own problems. The amateur director has given way before the trained director, and there is now no Little Theatre of any consequence that can afford *not* to have trained and expert guidance, if it hopes to maintain its holding on the interest of the community.

Since, therefore, the amateur theatre is being professionalized, Mr. Macgowan's point of view in "Footlights across America" assumes a deeper theatre significance. He senses, before he has gone very far in his investigations, that some binding force must knit these endeavors together for the good of the larger theatre in this country: there must be, as he says, a national coöperation among the numerically increasing theatre centres, and also among the newer factors which loom up so dominantly with their theatre interests.

These factors are the universities, the high schools, and even the elementary schools of the country. As the nation-wide activity in the theatre has increased, the demand for special training and expertness has also increased, and this demand has given rise to a theatrical pedagogy which aims to supply to the theatre (and is already supplying it) a trained band of experts, equipped with a definite theatre technique; Professor Baker, of Yale, and Professor Koch, of the University of North Carolina, have sent forth their students in pioneer fashion. But, now that one-third of the 22,000 high schools of the country are producing plays, now that college faculties are beginning to realize that creative work in drama is as worthy of a degree as seminar research on a narrow, specialized theme, now that pedagogy recognizes the social and personal values of dramatics to the student in the class-room, it is likely that both in the high and elementary grades, the theatre will play an increasingly important part.

If you ponder over the list of three hundred plays produced by the Pasadena Community Playhouse since its establishment in 1917; if you study the plans of the $300,000 plant of the Cleveland Play House; if you consider that some of these theatres outside the strictly professional realm run on such a formidable budget as $140,000; if you realize the influence of the high school which appeals yearly to an audience of from seven to ten millions of people, the power of this amateur theatre which Mr. Macgowan surveys appears tremendous.

He found no infant prodigy in his travels; he found rather a logical growth; he found a dynamic force working in many directions, but not quite sure of its course, attempting to fulfil each season's local obligation, but still too aloof to be quite balanced. The various directors now and again rush to New York, trying to see whether certain plays, reserved jealously for professional stock, cannot be given them. The professional theatre, through its play agencies and through the Actors Equity, is not yet able to realize the necessity for cooperating more generously with these so-called "amateurs." They must regard as true the statement of Frederic McConnell, of the Cleveland Play House, that "the amateur theatre is a myth. . . . You cannot take a step in the realm of the theatre without becoming professional."

It is this realization that turns Mr. Macgowan's documented report into a plea,—to coördinate the worthy efforts for a better theatre which are to be found everywhere through the country. If we cannot have a National Theatre, housed in one building, why not a National Theatre consciousness, supporting as many inter-related local theatres of artistic worth as the various communities will encourage? "Footlights across America," behind the mass of its well-ordered statistics, indicates that such may be the outcome of the Little Theatre Movement.

Of Edward Clodd, who died recently in England, the *Manchester Guardian* says:

"In London he early came under the influence of what one must call the 'Broad Church party,' though some of his teachers did not belong to the Established Church. He owed much also to Carlyle, but the study of natural sciences soon attracted him, and he became an ardent disciple of the evolutionary doctrines and their most distinguished exponents.

"'The Childhood of the World' won him a place in the splendid circle then dominated by Huxley, and with his genius for friendship he gained the esteem and personal affection of many among them. His publications followed fast, and the labor implied in them seems extraordinary when we remember the daily routine of his important position in the bank. A few of the titles will show the tendency of his work: 'Myths and Dreams,' 'The Story of Creation,' 'The Story of Primitive Man.'"

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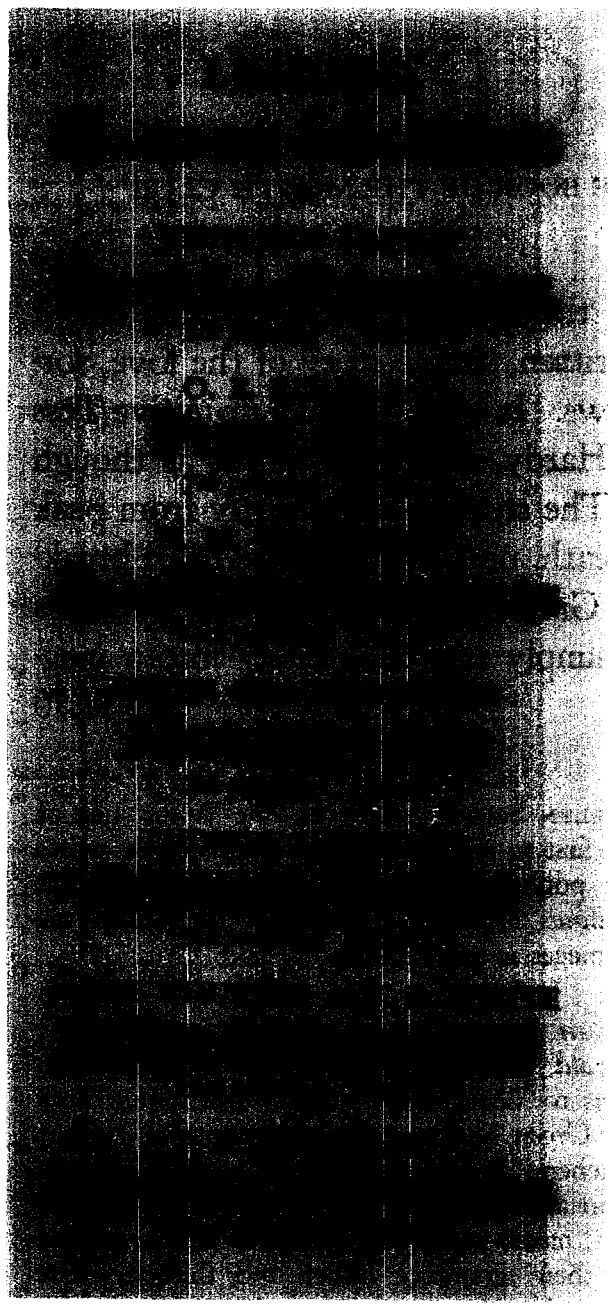

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A Letter from France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

THE prize-giving season is now well in the past. Marcel Arland obtained the Prix Goncourt for his novel "L'Ordre," Marcel Aymé the Prix Thëophraste Renaudot from his fellow journalists, Georges Bernanos the Prix Fémina from a women's jury, and André Demaison the "Prix du Roman" from the French Academy.

I noted last year that literary prizes, though very useful to *literati*, are not necessarily to the advantage of literature. There is something piquant in the fact that the four principal rewards for literary work have been given this year by each of the respective juries to the one book that seemed least evidently destined to get it. The Goncourt Academy was founded in order to counteract the levelling, and to some extent deadening, influence of the French Academy. Rightly or wrongly it was associated with the advance guard of literature and sometimes suspected of a tendency towards intellectual anarchism. It has this year crowned a book called "Order."

In many respects Marcel Arland's book resembles "Les Thibault" by Martin Du Gard. It is also the story of two brothers. The elder one, Justin, represents traditionalism and conformism, the younger, Gilbert, personifies the incoherence, the intolerance, and the helplessness of the post-war generation. The book is in three volumes. At the end of the third, Justin, though unhappy, remains in possession of his own destiny and master of his fate, while Gilbert dies miserably. This ending is sufficient to demonstrate the object of the book. All through the story, however, it is evident that the author's sympathies are on the side of the younger brother. Justin is a mere bourgeois who practices medicine in a provincial town and becomes a *député*. His brother Gilbert emigrates early to Paris, becomes a journalist, a communist, and soon makes himself impossible to all the world and himself. He loved a cousin of his, Renée, who remained in his native town while he deserted it for Paris. Of course Justin marries her. When Gilbert falls gravely ill, she comes to see him. They fall into each other's arms. She leaves her husband for her brother-in-law. They ought to be happy, but naturally they are not. Possession kills attraction. Gilbert deserts his cousin as he had deserted his province. Justin forgives. Gilbert once more takes to his heels, rushes to Africa, comes back, and dies.

All this sounds rather melodramatic. It is not. Marcel Arland has wisely abstained from whatever—either in his style or the arrangement of his facts—might be sensational. His book is as sober, dry, and matter-of-fact as a novel can be. In subject and treatment it is just the opposite of what the Goncourt Academy has accustomed us to consider as a Goncourt prize. It has been rightly said that if old Edmond de Goncourt came back to life, he would be very much surprised to see his money going to a disciple, not of Zola, Maupassant, or himself, but of Paul Bourget.

Georges Bernanos is, as you know, a great specialist of the devil's doings, but he also writes about saints. Perhaps it is this mixture of holiness and deviltry in his productions which singled him out in the eyes of the honorable ladies who, every year about Christmas, bestow the Fémina Prize on a literary aspirant. His book on Sainte Chantal fully deserves that honor. Still, as in the case of the Goncourt Prize, there is something amusing and paradoxical in the jury's choice.

Théophraste Renaudot was the founder not only of modern journalism, but also of social hygiene, poor relief, medical assistance, postal directories, etc. etc.—in brief one of the most fertile brains of the seventeenth century. He remains one of the patrons of French journalism, though he has not been officially beatified. His biography by ten anonymous and well-known journalists has just been published by Gallimard.

Every year our chief literary reporters, while awaiting the decision of the Goncourt Academy at Drouaut's Restaurant, occupy their enforced leisure in electing their own laureate. Why not? The "prize" they offer is entirely honorary. They call it the "Théophraste Renaudot Prize." They have no money to give, only their opinion, their vote, but it is sometimes worth more to the recipient than the few hundred dollars a year left by the Goncourts to their prize-giving legatees.

"La Table aux Crevés," by Marcel Aymé, was this year awarded the Théophraste Renaudot Prize. That a jury of Parisian journalists assembled in the inner sanctum of Parisian opinion, should have, this time, given their unanimous vote to a book dealing exclusively and uncompromisingly with the most brutal and violent aspect of peasant life is in itself a significant fact. It is also somewhat incongruous. But the element of violence, tension, concentration, and explosiveness is evidently gaining ground within neo-realism.

Wild Nature and the French Academy are not spontaneously associated in our minds. The *Prix du Roman* annually bestowed by this most illustrious and famous of all literary companies was, however, awarded in 1929 to the "Livre des Bêtes Sauvages," by André Demaison. The book consists of five tales—Ouara, the Lioness; Kho-Kho the Marabout; Nontap; Poupah, the elephant; and Tan, the Antelope, two of which are somewhat over-dramatized for my taste. The "Livre des Bêtes Sauvages" is none the less a masterpiece of its kind, and its consecration by the French Academy is another sign, slightly quizzical, of the renaissance of objectivity. But even André Demaison cannot make me forget the excellent translation of Charles G. D. Roberts's "Mysterious Neighbors" published in "Les Livres de la Nature" (Librairie Stock). The success of that fine series confirms the view that there is a strong undercurrent of what is called "return to Nature" in literary handbooks.

You have probably heard of Léon Paul Fargue. Round the name of that most Parisian of all French writers a whole cycle of anecdotes and witty, pathetic, or truculent stories has already collected. He has entered alive in the oral tradition; there is a "Farguiana" spreading apace. But his poetry is greater even than his table talk. He has recently collected some of the small booklets which contain the best of his work, and they are published in two volumes by Gallimard: "Espaces" and "Sous la Lampe." The most remarkable part of it is called "Suite Familière" and is contained in "Sous la Lampe." It is worth studying were it only for the freshness and novelty of its metaphors. Lëon-Paul Fargue is a great verbal creator. Long before Giraudoux and Morand he taught us the charm of unforeseen and unfamiliar comparisons. Long before Paul Valéry he demonstrated that, "le style appelé généralement clair n'a qu'une tranchée de première ligne, il n'a rien là derrière, çà ne tiendrait pas" (the style usually called clear is defended only by an outward trench, there is nothing behind. It cannot stand the onslaught of time). And again: "Le Bon Marché est toujours cher" (what is cheap, in literature, is always expensive.) "I do not like pure intellect," says he in another place. "It is a pepsin that digests itself. I like the intellect that sticks to its objects, to what is substantial in that object. . . . I like the intellect that effervesces when in contact with things, I like the meat-fed intellect." He calls fashion the "daughter of an eternal mother always trying to survive."

"Style," he says, "feeds from under. Do not try to make words grow by pulling at their leaves. . . . Let drop on your page only what *will* drop. Do not pull on stalactites, they are not dugs."

Towards second-hand thinkers and writers, he is pitiless. "They approach ideas only when they are dead, quite dead, mummified, under glass, guaranteed not to bite. *Then* they tiptoe near those ideas. They love Nature, but canned. They come with their little key and generally fail to open the tin. . . . They think small beer of the dialect of their own hearts, but they have learned the grammar of their caste. They can breathe only other people's breath. They exist in others only, and through others." He hates rhetorical poetry. He has called Byron "a hairdresser for thunder storms."

For sheer verbal power and creative insight, he is among the greatest of our living poets.

Apropos of chain letters Sigrid Undset recently wrote as follows: "I should like to console the nervous victims by saying that I have broken at least twenty chains and experienced no misfortunes—if the award of the literary Nobel Prize is not regarded as a misfortune—because I remember well that on the morning of the day when the prize was awarded to me I put a chain letter in my waste paper basket after having torn it to a hundred pieces. I never feel more happy than after having destroyed a chain letter. . . .

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Fiction

THE SLEEPING FURY. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. Harcourt,Brace. 1929. $2.50

After reading the novel, one cannot help wondering whether the author has resisted the current of modern life, or whether he has unwittingly been sidetracked and drifted into a little eddy of his own. Certainly "The Sleeping Fury"—the story of an English woman, protected first by a practical mother and then by a venerable husband, who has her "one moment" at the age of twenty-seven, and spends the rest of her life trying to forget it, seems to be untouched by the present. The title and the opening chapter are provocative, suggesting as they do, hidden passion in a woman seemingly austere and cold—a story of infinite possibilities. But one never feels the passion, never sees it enriching a life with its glow, nor crushing the victim with its weight. Instead we see a woman accepting dulness unquestioningly, and growing old in mild bitterness. We never get the little tendernesses or the humors that make up a complete character, only the problems, which in this case are attacked with considerable awkwardness and not too much intelligence. There is likewise little color in the other characters, people pleasant enough perhaps to live with, but not meat for novels. Indeed the tale unfolds itself with conspicuous sparsity of incident, and rises to only one really dramatic scene.

There is something surely to be said for the quiet story about the quiet places and the simple people (here the quiet places are English country houses and the simple people nobility) but there must be some charm of incident, or an interesting angle of vision, to "put it over." "The Sleeping Fury" seems far too lean to hold its place against all the lusty living and the vigorous writing with which it must compete.

THE YOUNG IDEA. By FRANK SWINNERTON. Doubleday Doran. 1930. $2.50.

This novel by the author of "Nocturne" was first published in England in 1910. Under the circumstances it is perhaps not to be expected that everything in it should seem fresh and new, nor that the very small section of the pre-war world which it presents should have quite the same importance to us that it had to its contemporaries. The young people of Mr. Swinnerton's book are now middle-aged persons over forty, and their histories viewed in perspective take on a slightly pathetic air. Not that Hilda and Gladys and their brother Bertie would be of much importance in any time. The limits of their lives are too clearly defined, and the methods of the author too familiar by now to lend much interest to this particular chronicle, which seems like all the author's books, to begin where the last one left off.

Even before the war life was not too easy for the lower middle classes in a London suburb, and Mr. Swinnerton has not made it any easier for his characters by his well known economy of construction and quietness of handling. Life drones on, the girls fall in love, or are loved by men they do not care for, the brother shocks suburbia and his sisters by running off with a married woman, and finally at the end things seem to go better for a while. But the stifling atmosphere is well conveyed, the detail astonishingly realistic, and the genuine talent of the author continually in evidence. The success of "Nocturne," as is sometimes the case, seems to have made it impossible that anything written by Mr. Swinnerton will ever seem thoroughly up to his own standard again; certainly this characteristic, but far from interesting novel from his earlier years cannot be compared with that book. It is the peculiar glory and handicap of this author that few modern novels of any sort can be.

BLOW, WHISTLES, BLOW! By SARAH ATHERTON. Brewer & Warren. 1930. $2.50.

Here is a story of the anthracite mining region—where "honor and chastity are still dynamic"—as seen through the nice, sympathetic eyes of a Bryn Mawr graduate who has learned her literary manners at the Breadloaf School and who faces "the facts of life" with well-bred composure.

Sophie Fashung, the heroine of this story, is the prettiest girl in the valley. She is affianced to Charlie Oleson, a miner. Her father is killed in a mine accident, and Charlie, disgusted at the life of the mines, gets an offer for a free college education in return for a little football. He takes his chance —"There's something rotten in this world," he says. "I can't fix it, but you bet I'm goin' to get on top." He betrays Coldspring by taking a job selling oil-furnaces. Sophie's sister Ellen goes into domestic service, is seduced by Charlie, and ends up in the maternity ward. Charlie marries a professional dancer.

Sophie, however, has become a nurse in the City and Country Hospital and has inspired the love of Dr. Richard Whelen, wealthy and socially registered physician at the Coldspring Hospital. He calls her "Dear Heart" and she talks to him of the ruins of his ancestral home—"In the fall it's all asters and golden rod, and the valley filled with haze." So all ends for the very, very best. The book contains a vigorous and humorous description of a strike, which evinces real power of observation. Some of the mine scenes are also done with accomplished skill. On the whole, however, "Blow, Whistles, Blow!" is an ineffective piece of journeyman writing, surveying a messy side of American life with the candid eyes of the Junior League.

ARROWS OF DESIRE. By JUDITH CLARK. Minton, Balch. 1929. $2.50.

This sympathetic portrait of a green-sick girl revolves around a single situation. Barrie Chamberlain, the Washington débutante, who is the protagonist in the novel, is in love with Pinckney Wellford, a promising young architect. Pinckney has lost a leg in the war and concludes that that automatically disbars him from marriage with Barrie. He misconstrues her love for pity and tries to break her heart, so that she will forget him. Barrie has other offers, of marriage from Americans and of something less honorable, but just as attractive, from an attaché at the French Embassy. She has, however, kept herself for Pinckney and pursued him with indefatigable tenacity. The young architect finally capitulates and declares himself "humble and ashamed but no longer afraid."

Aside from this one-dimensional portrait of the female in pursuit of the American male the book holds little interest. The scenes are laid in Washington and Virginia but have little actual relation to the story. The whole is characterized by a humorless sweetness which disarms the critic of what is, presumably, in large part a "human document."

ANITA AGREES. By THEODORA BENSON. Harpers. 1930. $2.50.

It is pleasing to read again a book which does not strain after realism and the unusual. In "Anita Agrees" Miss Theodora Benson writes of an ordinary English girl of the upper classes, who, lacking a sense of humor, responds literally to the precepts of religion and her mother's guidance. In contradistinction to her twin sister, who is always frivolous and extravagant and of course marries young and very well, Anita lives in strict accordance with her principles, and is interested in men only in so far as she can inculcate in them a desire for platonic friendship. Unfortunately she is beautiful, and the men, though accepting this relationship as a means, expect something more, feeling in her responses to them that they were justified; for, subtly, she displays all the interest of a woman in love.

Taking everything for granted, one young man breaks off his engagement, and another divorces his wife, and both expect immediate marriage with her; but Anita is amazed and righteously indignant that her intellectual interest should be so debased and misconstrued; yet despite her purity, society condemns her, and scandal causes havoc to all her final convictions. In despair, acknowledging now that she is in love, she realizes that she has chased the man, by her indignant refusal, to America. But he returns, and for the first time Anita agrees that she is not always right.

This book, when not discussing intellectual problems, is exhilarating and quick. The author, however, facetiously interpolates her own opinions about life, warning the reader of impending disaster, and this, though a device legitimate in the ponderous eighteenth-century novel, impedes the speed and lightness of this narrative.

CRESSIDA: NO MYSTERY. By MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES. Knopf. 1930. $2.

A *Saturday Evening Post* romance with a dénouement that thrills, but outrages the reader as well by its psychological falseness. If the author had a moral purpose in view, —to point out the wages of jealousy—she accomplished just the opposite effect. The plain, dumpy heiress Lizzie Bowden is betrothed to the dashing fortune-hunter Larry Wortle. Cressida, the divine nymphomaniac, appears on the scene, and promptly bewitches Larry. Brought low by a feverish cold and the sight of Larry and Cressida snatching forbidden kisses in the study of her house, the jealous-maddened Lizzie disposes of her rival in the simplest, most primitive way: she murders Cressida by poisoning her.

From this point on, the reader's credulity forsakes him. Not only does Lizzie escape the long arm of the law, but in some inexplicable way Cressida's exit propels her desolate lover straight into the arms of his wicked fiancée, who has confessed her crime to no one. The author ends her book thus: "There came over him a feeling of abject shame, as he remembered yesterday, and the day before yesterday, and the day before that. . . . At last he raised his head, and, for the first time, as far as he, Larry Wortle, was concerned, their lips met in a lovers' kiss." There is no attempt made to resolve human emotions, no mention of Lizzie's shame, or fear of the future, no explanation of the miracle as to why Larry should suddenly transfer his affections from love to honor, i.e., from his dead beloved to his living fiancée. The only reason we can supply is that her shoulders sagged with money-bags.

If Mrs. Lowndes intended writing a sequel to Cressida, we ask her forgiveness for this harsh treatment. If she did not, what kind of a future are we to imagine for the penitent Lizzie, even were we able to swallow the fact that she goes undiscovered and unpunished? Aside from these "inconsequentials," the story is well written. The style is original, the characterology masterful, the suspense admirable. But reading the book is like taking a journey to a vivid somewhere, only to crash into a *cul de sac*.

PAPER PROFITS. By ARTHUR TRAIN. Liveright. 1930. $2.50.

In this fictional indictment of the stock speculation mania which attacks the evil from every angle, Mr. Train succeeds in producing a book which in spots reads more like an impassioned tract than a work of pure imagination. The sermonizing tone, however, in no degree weakens the steady grip the story holds upon the attention, nor is it over-estimating the merits of the work to regard it as perhaps the stoutest blow dealt at the shady side of Wall Street by a contemporary novelist.

The effects upon the life of a highly intelligent, young married man, suddenly obsessed by stock plunging, are shown in full, disastrous detail over a period of three frenzied years. At the beginning, fiction editor of a popular magazine, at $8,000 a year, living happily and unpretentiously with his wife and two small children, he seems safely aloof from the temptation to take the road to easy riches, via the Market, followed by most of the people with whom he comes in daily contact. Then he essays his first modest flyer with surprisingly fat returns, and is embarked upon a sky-rocketing career in finance which reaches its peak when he has won a full million. The inevitable loss of the whole fortune follows, and bitterly, in weakened character and self-respect, spotted integrity, extravagant indulgences, and estrangement from his wife, does this victim of reckless cupidity pay for his lesson. No one at all familiar, in any capacity, with the stock brokerage business should fail to recognize the truth of the conditions Mr. Train here forcefully exposes.

THREE AGAINST FATE. By MARY AGNES HAMILTON. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $2.50.

The fate against the three chief characters is the War. The War brings Jean Claviger from a suburb in the north of England to the hysteria and license of a London that feels that tomorrow it may die. The war forces Stephen, the friend who loves her, into ostracism for his pacifist views, and makes him more than ever dependent on her. The war takes Harold, Jean's deeply loved husband, and makes him a fighting man, naturally indifferent to human life. The book is the story of Harold's trial for the murder of Stephen.

Technically the story-telling is very interesting. It begins strictly in the middle, at the commencement of the trial, and the first and last acts run so to speak side by side, as the story progresses alternately through Jean's recollection of the past, and her reception at second-hand of the trial she cannot bring herself to attend. The trial loses nothing by being reported day

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by day by a sympathetic friend. The brilliant lawyers, the motionless prisoner, and the pervading neurosis of wartime that gains the unwritten law a better hearing than it would ordinarily obtain in England, make up a court-room scene as good as any of Galsworthy's. Indeed, the whole circuitous method is amply justified. The story is reflected in the mind of Jean, and the pleasant days of early and growing friendship are set off by their ultimate tragedy, which is thus brought close upon them. One grows intimately with Jean and her agonized struggles, as she dreads that the husband she loves will be condemned, dreads that this changed husband will be acquitted and sent back to her.

The problem is finely imagined, and ably presented. But the solution is not quite credible. It is noble, it is appealing, but it is not convincing. The Harold of the last page is the Harold whom Jean first knew, but that is not the Harold who came back from the trenches to kill an innocent man on suspicion. The war had changed him, but there is no sufficient reason for the reverse change.

DUSTY DAN DELANEY. By *Clan Yore*. Macaulay. $2.

THE TETHERED BUBBLE. By *Fanny Lee Weyant*. Century. $2.50.

THE MYSTERY OF A BUTCHER'S SHOP. By *Gladys Mitchell*. Dial. $2.

DARAWALD. By *Theodore E. Shea*. Stratford. $2.50.

BUDDENBOOKS. By *Thomas Mann*. Knopf. $2.85.

SCAR-FACE. By *Armitage Trail*. Clode. $2 net.

THE OFFICE WIFE. By *Faith Baldwin*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop appears on the next page*)

IN GREAT WATERS. By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. Lippincott. 1929. $1.75.

Two boys, new to the sea, and a sailor work a yacht from England to China to an accompaniment of baldly impossible attacks by the agents of a Chinese bandit who, together with the reward, is taken in the end. A silly book, an inane book, and harmful to the cultivation of young taste.

THE PIRATE TWINS. By WILLIAM NICHOLSON. Coward - McCann. 1929. $1.50.

Since we feel that this book has been as adequately reviewed by a boy of fourteen to whom we gave it as it could be by a more mature writer instead of comment of our own we print the paragraphs which follow:

Those who have read the famous book for children called "Clever Bill" will certainly enjoy this new book by the same author. To those who have not read "Clever Bill" it will also afford a very entertaining half hour.

Many will enjoy and laugh over the unique pictures drawn by the author of this very amusing children's story. Children will especially enjoy it to my way of thinking, as its pictures have been especially drawn for children and its print is very plain and easy to read.

Once a person looks at this attractive book he will find it hard to put it down until he, too, has enjoyed it. Grown people as well as children will laugh over these two amazing little characters known as the Pirate Twins.

This book makes a very attractive gift for children under ten years of age and many children who have a sense of humor or who are interested in stories like "Clever Bill" or books will enjoy this unique addition to the Children's Book Shelf.

SAUCY AND ALL. By HELEN SHACKLETON. Illustrated by KATHLEEN SHACKLETON. Macmillan. 1930. $2.

This is a book of juvenile verse by a writer who has the ability to understand children and to write of the things with which they are familiar and that interest them. The Saucy-Cat, Piggle, Jones, the cow, and all the other animals have real personality that children can appreciate. The children in the book are interesting because they go about their affairs in a normal, happy manner, and do not have to be wickedly bad nor piously good to hold the attention.

Although children will find the verse pleasant to read because of the story it tells, it lacks that lyrical quality that is the charm of the best juvenile verse.

The book is pleasantly illustrated with pictures of children, their toys, and their pets.

TEAM FIRST. By EARL REED SILVERS. Appleton. 1929. $1.75.

For the discriminating reader this book is sunk by its load of success. Virtue, in the person of young Rocky Hill, a nice boy rather overburdened with captaincies, attains practically every reward on the calendar of sports with a bonus of $4,000 for a triumph over bootleggers, money which he "protested vehemently" against taking, but which the coastguard succeeded in forcing on him. There is much action, but most of the boys are so good that one's liking is for the wretch who smoked a cigarette. So there you are.

BOYS AND GIRLS WHO BECAME FAMOUS. By *Amy Cruse*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

THE SCOUT JAMBOREE BOOK. By *Fifteen Boy Scouts*. Putnams. $1.75.

GREEK TALES FOR TINY TOTS. By *John Raymond Crawford*. Illustrated by *Pauline Avery Crawford*.

Miscellaneous

MAGGIE OF THE SUICIDE FLEET, as written from the log of RAYMOND D. BORDEN. By PROSPER BURANELLI. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.50.

The Suicide Fleet was composed of the submarine patrol boats, converted yachts for the most part, in many cases not fit to go to sea at all—hence the sobriquet. The worst of them all was the *Margaret*, ex-yacht of Captain Isaac Emerson, the Bromo-Seltzer king. The *Margaret* had been built for sailing and had only an auxiliary motor of very mean power. She was too long for her beam, consequently rolled horribly and interminably. Her decks leaked. Her condenser refused to condense. Her boilers were ready to blow up. Her steering engine broke down with lamentable frequency and she missed out on every assignment for escort duty that was given her with an amazing perversity. Add to this the fact that she was so slow that if she had, in the course of patrolling for submarines, sighted one and dropped a depth charge she would inevitably have blown herself up, and that every time she fired her guns the rail shivered to pieces or the forecastle lockers were blown out by the repercussion, and it is easy to see why the crew hated her. They called her the *Maggie* and many were the objurgations flung at her until her idiosyncrasies, to give them a polite name, became so noted that she was the laughing stock of the American fleet.

The *Maggie* was fortunate only in her crew. Her chief gunnery officer was Raymond D. Borden and among the crew was coxswain Herb Roth. As a chief gunnery officer who dared not fire his guns Mr. Borden kept an attentive account of the *Maggie's* mishaps and Mr. Roth illustrated this diary with drawings. It must be a nearly priceless document, from the evidence here presented and the publisher's hint that all of the illustrations fit to print have been included in the book which is well written by Prosper Buranelli.

To say it is well written is to slight Mr. Buranelli's contribution to this symposium. It is in fact hilariously funny. To any one who has been a sailor, in particular, will it appeal, for he will have in mind constantly the ideal ship—and the contrast of this *Maggie* to this fictitious vessel will bring not merely quiet smiles of mirth but cackles and roars of laughter.

THE ART OF SOUND PICTURES. By *Walter B. Pitkin* and *William M. Marston*. Appleton. $2.50.

CONFIDENCE CROOKS AND BLACKMAILERS. By *Basil Tozer*. Stratford. $2.50.

THE ESSENTIALS OF DEMOCRACY. By *A. D. Lindsay*. University of Pennsylvania Press. $1.

PARTY GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES. By *John W. Davis*. Princeton University Press. $1.25.

Poetry

NINE POEMS. By STUART GUTHRIE. Mount Vernon: The Cock Robin Press. 1929. $1.50.

Here in a modest format, at the immodest price of $1.50 (in these days of twenty-five-cent Pamphlet Poets), Mr. Guthrie attempts the simple idyllic in verse and adds a drawing of the same *genre*. Neither the matter nor the manner have the charm of freshness, and we must believe they were printed simply because the author has a weakness for type. He confesses himself in

A VISION OF UTOPIA

Give me a press (I've often said),
Some ink, some paper and some type,
Then Will may keep his bee-loud glade
And Percy cry his cherries ripe.
Nine bean rows are all very well
(All very well if you're fond of beans)
But I with my true love would dwell
Amidst typographical scenes.
And if at times I break the day
With lyrics chanted to my dear,
When evening comes I'll creep away
And set them up in type, I fear.

If this were to be reckoned as the serious output of the publisher, one would be tempted to ask again, "Who killed Cock Robin?"

(*Continued on page 908*)

What Next in Wall Street?

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The Child's World

By CHRISTINE H. BAKER

"HAVE you a good edition of Grimm's Fairy Tales?" I asked the young woman in the Children's Department of the Bookstore. She brought me several books, too large for children to hold, with vague pictures in faint colors. She was languid and uninterested. "Educators do not approve of fairy stories," she told me. "There are too many horrible happenings in them. Children cannot sleep after reading them. We approve of stories of everyday life, on a farm perhaps, or in a foreign country, to expand the imagination." She brought me some of these innocuous expanders. A conscientious mother might have been guided, but grandmothers are privileged and irresponsible.

I read Grimm that evening to five-year-old Jane as she sat in bed eating her supper. Jane is a modern child, even to her old-fashioned name. She already has Mrs. Woolf's desideratum, "a room of her own." She eats alone, for tranquillity. A dietician has advised her meals. But as she listened to the fairy stories, the interest and pleasure that shone in her face was old as childhood itself. The witch was pushed head first into the oven; blood dripped from toe and heel of Cinderella's sisters; the wicked stepmother danced in red-hot shoes until she fell down dead. Jane smiled contentedly and continued to eat. I realized that the horrible events and the terrible fate happened only, and always, to those who were unkind or cruel to children. It seemed just to Jane.

At the end of the last story, destroying all literary unity, that inconsecutive mouse out of whose fur one might make a coat, ran across the page. Jane laughed heartily and put her spoon in her empty porringer. "I love that funny mouse," she said.

Blessed Brothers Grimm, who understood children!

Reviews

FEATHERLAND. By ETTA CORBETT GARSON. With illustrations by the author. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1930. $1.50.

HOLIDAY MEADOW. By EDITH M. PATCH. With decorations by WILFRID S. BRONSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by TOWNSEND SCUDDER III

FROM the beginnings of such writings to the present, two methods of presenting nature have waged fratricidal warfare, to the confusion of innocent readers. Chaucer's "The Parliament of Foules" and "The Nonne Preestes Tale" may well represent the first type, where birds conduct themselves in most unbirdlike, albeit charming human, fashion; the second, let us say, is typified by Thoreau's "Walden." Rare indeed were traces of the naturalistic school in early literature, but its rudiments are faintly discernible even in Chaucer and before, since Chaucer loved the little English daisy, for example, and delightfully pictured its winsome charm. But to-day the victory rests with the second method, and the battleground has largely shifted to that field where the reader is a helpless lay figure, the child's book.

Of the two books here reviewed, "Featherland" is of the first type, while "Holiday Meadow" belongs to the second, the naturalistic school. Always, the justification to treat nature artificially has been the opportunity given for fanciful, poetic invention, for pointing moral saws, or for cloaking study of the ways of man in a veil of allegory. If one or more of these desiderata are not obtained, there is scant excuse for the type. "Featherland" can be said but faintly, very faintly to achieve. The invention is somewhat mediocre. A certain Robin Redbreast and his lady conduct a leasing agency for bird-nesting sites. Their office of landlord is followed from earliest nesting time to fall migration. There is often confusion, for, although the author obviously knows bird habits, she frequently nullifies the value of her knowledge by contrary fiction. The illustrations are poor relations of Kate Greenaway's. Pudgy little birds without skeletons display their sawdust-stuffed curves. Are these unreal creatures, in the artificiality of their appearance, conversation, and lives, as attractive and stimulating to the child as portrayal of the real, live, pulsing bird? One wonders, doubtfully and an incident comes to mind of a certain little child's correction of his father. The father was speaking, in foolish adult fashion, to his dog named Popover. "Daddy, Poppy can't talk, Poppy barks!" Before such wisdom, adult sufficiency suddenly deflated.

As for "Holiday Meadow," it is faithful to what it portrays, the little creatures which inhabit a pleasant field; such a field as is findable, to the initiated, anywhere in the wide sweep of rolling country. But it seeks not only to mirror, it leads on with pleasant anticipation, awakening and stimulating the reader, with touches, here and there, of considerable fancy and poetic feeling. Few children could read this book without hearing some answering echo in their hearts, especially if they have fortunately met with such scenes in their own experiences. The meadow lark, the life story of the Queen Anne's Lace, the housekeeping of the grass-spider, whose pearl-studded webs we carelessly destroy of an early morning's walk, the winter doings of the snow buntings; of such stuff is the fabric of this pleasant little book.

Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

MORE HEROES OF MODERN ADVENTURE. By T. C. BRIDGES and H. HESSELL TILTMAN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1930. $2.

WITH MORGAN ON THE MAIN. By C. M. BENNETT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT L. ROE

THE authors of "Heroes of Modern Adventure" have followed up their success with "More Heroes of Modern Adventure," and to judge by this sample, the success is deserved, for the book is crammed with thrills as well as with information of unusual sorts. For instance, herein is told the kind of scar a batlas fly leaves when he bites, what kind of clothes to wear to protect one's self from the dreaded tsetse fly, how to get along without water on the arid Kalahari, and what makes the worst sort of fencing for a race course. Not that the book is a compendium of useless knowledge; these nutty little facts are merely incidental to a feast of red-blooded (or occasionally pemmican stuffed) adventure of he-men and he-women, soldiers, sailors, scientists, explorers, out-of-the-way travellers, airmen, mountain climbers, and eagle tamers.

The range of the book is tremendous. In eighteen chapters it covers adventure in every part of the globe, on every continent, and across every ocean. From the Arctic with the mounted police to the Antarctic with Shackleton's men, from the Scottish highland with Captain Knight, who photographs and tames eagles, to the Great Wall of China, where General Frank Sutton, a British commander of Chinese troops, put Wu Pei Fu's troops to rout with guns manufactured by the Chinese under Sutton's direction. It leaps gaily from digging for history in Yucatan to digging for gold in New Guinea, and from the Lost World of the tributaries of the Amazon to the palace of the Druses in the wildest part of Lebanon. Two deserts, the Kalahari and the Mojave, figure in this book.

Naturally, in a book that consists mostly of summaries of longer works a good deal must be left to the imagination, but it is remarkable how much the authors have been able to get into their short accounts.

More in the tradition of the pirate stories that delighted our boyhood is C. M. Bennett's "With Morgan on the Main." It deals with the adventures of a certain Arthur Ellis sailing with his father to Jamaica. Their ship is beset by Spanish galleons and Sir Hugh captured, while Arthur escapes in company with Dixon, a sailor. Thereafter, Arthur is bent on releasing his father and joins forces with Henry Morgan, the buccaneer. He accompanies Morgan on the three adventurous voyages to Porto Bello, Cartagena, and Panama, and despite the obstruction thrown in his path by the villainous Knocker he achieves his end and his father's release. Mr. Bennett is an authortiy on pirates and buccaneers, and there is no doubt that the tale is historically accurate in so far as it depicts Morgan and his exploits. Where it lacks reality is in the adventures of Arthur. The author seems forever in a hurry to get rid of Arthur and get back to Morgan, which we think is a slight to the juvenile reader who, of course, is imaginging himself Arthur and doesn't care a whoop for Morgan except as an opportunity for further adventure for himself. Otherwise the tale is well told and contains some exciting incidents.

THE GIRAFFE

By LAURA BENÉT

DAPPLED, and straight
As a well-shaped carafe
Is the smug lineament
Of the lord giraffe.
Pride elongates him
Beyond bestial woes
While earthly matters
Linger at his toes.
Dispassionately rapt
The aspiring brute
With gestures apt
Plucks the remotest fruit.
No vocal chords are his, no conversation,
Busy loquacity is not his ration.

THE BLACK ARROWHEAD. By CAROLINE DALE SNEDEKER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.

CAROLINE DALE SNEDEKER is a reassuring person to come upon in the field of children's books. In contrast to those who make mere enthusiasm an excuse for writing she has at the service of her inspiration a very remarkable command of language. It almost converts one to the theory that it is worth *writing down* to children. Her description is frankly designed for a childish audience but she manages such a compact and forceful use of very simple terms that the imagery captures even an adult imagination.

This latest book is a "Puck of Pook's Hill" for Long Island. It uses the Kipling device of historical reincarnations beginning, of course, with the Indians. Their rôle in America's founding is most concretely pictured without falsification, but with sympathy and real imagination. The episodes follow the march of history in one particular region. Sally and Dickey Bull, who take the place of Kipling's Dan and Una, are Bull Smith's descendants of pioneers of the district. As the clock is turned back they can be present at the scene which gave their own name its proud prefix of *Bull*. Thus, by tracing one blood, history is put into personal terms. When Cockenóe calls Sally *Daughter-of-all-the-Smiths* it brings out sharply the meaning of a family heritage.

The conviction of the living reality of history is increased by actually carrying the children back into time with the narrative. It gives an excuse for visualizing the setting through a modern child's eyes. Sally stands on the spot where her home belongs and sees "The whole shore a burst of rose bloom. Such rose bloom as no modern child had ever seen—acres and acres of it, as far as the eye could reach."

Hendrick Hudson's men saw those roses, said Cockenóe. They landed on these shores up toward Manhattan. But it was roses, roses, all over our Sewanika, "The effect of this love of the land reechoing through time in Indian yearning and Bull Smith pride of possession binds all generations together through the land they have all loved. Thus history merges into poetry—continually creative—and Dickey Bull can make magic all his own."

ALONG THE SHORE. By EVA L. BUTLER. New York: The John Day Co. 1930. $1.25.

Reviewed by IDA MELLEN

MRS. BUTLER'S personal knowledge of the curiosity of the child regarding plants and animals found commonly along the shore, caused her to prepare a series of brief descriptions with drawings, and these proved of such interest and value to the children who had access to them that they have been incorporated into a small book.

Many happy children will no doubt learn for themselves from this little book during the coming summer and many succeeding summers, the difference between a sea gull and a sand piper, between bayberry plants and sea lavender; how fiddler, spider, lady, and rock crabs differ from one another and from the common blue crab of the market, and many other interesting seaside facts.

The text is clear, concise and accurate, and most of the more than fifty drawings are good. If some of the shore creatures, such as the sea horse, lobster, and clam worm, should be dissatisfied with their portraits. others, such as the starfishes, anemones, jellyfish, and oyster drill will be delighted. And certainly any child who can read will be able, without adult assistance, to identify the animals and plants from the drawings.

The book should be in the traveling kit of all the youngsters who are to spend the summer at the beach, and should also prove of value to schools in nature study work.

ALL THE KING'S TRUMPETS. By ETHEL M. GAGE. Illustrated by IRENE MOUNTFORT. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by MARY ALLAN STUART

THIS is a story children will delight in. Exciting events crowd each other so rapidly that there is not a dull moment.

It begins in the Once-upon-a-time way, with the journey of Prince Charming's father, and the magic talisman he received from his Fairy Godmother; and tells of the terrible disaster that befell the prince when the talisman was lost.

How it was recovered and the unfortunate prince saved from his unhappy fate by the gentle Princess Laura; how he won his spurs, after many thrilling adventures among dwarfs and sorceresses whose evil influence is overcome eventually by the good birds, beasts, and fairys, is a story full of interest for young readers. In the end Prince Charming returns to marry Laura of the gentle heart amid universal rejoicings, in the happy-ever-after manner.

Children will appreciate the idealistic tone of this story without their usual annoyance at finding the moral attached.

The illustrations are plentiful and good, and the make-up attractive yet substantial.

THE FLIGHT OF THE HERON. By D. K. BROSTER. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by CATHERINE WOODBRIDGE

THE figure of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" seems still to have an irresistible fascination. "The Flight of the Heron," a Junior Book of the Month Club choice, is another novel following the traditional plan. It is a sort of composite of the romance of Scott and Thackeray's penetrating analysis of human character. Here the young Pretender cuts as poor a figure as did his father in "Henry Esmond," but the glamour that belonged to him is transferred to his followers, the flower of the North, whose loyalty to a desperate cause glorified the rash and ill-planned uprising of '45.

The book follows the chief events of the rebellion through the experiences of two men, Ewen Cameron, a young Highland chief, and Keith Windham, a captain in the English army. It is told from the point of view, now of one, now of the other. Such a method gives an opportunity to picture both camps in detail and to bring out differencees in temperament and attitude. The Scotch are fighting on their own soil, and Miss Broster, from the opening paragraph of concrete visualization of a Highland lake, conveys a very deep sense of love of the land. It is because Prince Charlie belongs to this land and this blood rather than from any personal characteristics that he commands such devotion. The contrast in the loyalties of the two sides, the Scotch ardent and mystical, the English practical—half cynical but equally deep-rooted, is brought out in the two central characters. This contrast is in fact intensified in the individual case—for Ewen Cameron has his bride and his home at stake, while Keith Windham has nothing to lose. Fate repeatedly throws these two together until what was at first merely respect for a chivalrous enemy becomes the root of a friendship which their allegiance to different causes must as repeatedly thwart. So the very fact of the war, in throwing them together in moments of extreme stress, intensifies this emotion until loyalty to friend and to cause must inevitably clash. The melodrama of the solution is dramatically effective because it is prepared throughout the book by the omen of the heron's flight. Though immediately tragic in its consequences for one of them, this friendship is pictured as a fulfilment in both cases.

This theme binds together a maze of exciting incidents set in a most authentic frame. Miss Broster's historical reconstruction has a very immediate and personal quality. She uses details of places and people to illustrate and make plausible the action rather than to hamper it. Her description of the gathering of forces before Culloden is particularly memorable. Although chosen for older girls, such passages as well as the intense excitement of the whole story make it suitable for boys as well.

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No. 1
Letters from Women
about
LETTERS TO WOMEN

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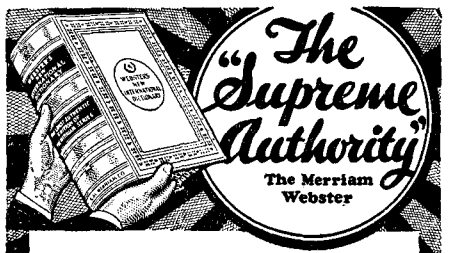

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

S. B., Monterey, Va., asks for some books for a beginner in the study of Anglo-Saxon, and for a reliable translation of the letters of Abélard and Héloïse.

"THE Threshold of Anglo-Saxon," lately published by Macmillan (it is a Cambridge University book), is by A. J. Wyatt, author of an "Elementary Old English Reader" (Macmillan) and other works. This shows that it is possible to bring some of the most interesting passages in Anglo-Saxon prose and verse within the range of a beginner, by means of a normalized text, copious notes, and a simple glossary. "I want the reader," says the author, "to 'romp through' this book as Keats did through the 'Faery Queen.'" This is an exhilarating start; I romped up against the grammar, bounced over it, and found the selections from Beowulf and the Chronicle looking so much the way that German sounds, that I was convinced only lack of time kept me from reading them—a fond dream I shall not break by further contact with the facts. A famous book is "First Steps in Anglo-Saxon," by Henry Sweet (Oxford), learned author of the "Anglo-Saxon Primer" (Oxford), and the larger "Anglo-Saxon Reader in Prose and Verse." The "Anglo-Saxon Reader," of J. W. Bright (Holt), is still in print and in use.

"The Letters of Abélard and Héloïse" are published by Knopf in a volume of the Blue Jade Library; they are "now first translated from the Latin" by the late C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, and there is a prefatory letter by George Moore. The death of this finest of translators has deprived the republic of letters of one of its most gifted and devoted liaison officers. There is a reprint of an anonymous translation published in London in 1722, in the Ariel Booklets (Putnam) and the Temple Classics (Dutton); "The Love Letters of Abélard and Héloïse." Three songs by Peter Abélard are given in Latin and in English in the priceless volume of "Mediæval Latin Lyrics," translated by Helen Waddell (Richard R. Smith); these are the noble poem on the third nocturne of Good Friday, a meditation on a Sunday at vespers, and a singularly poignant lament of David for Jonathan, sounding indeed like a personal experience. Miss Waddell's "Wandering Scholars" (Houghton Mifflin), for which I have several times set off fireworks, proves now to have been a sort of prose introduction to this remarkable anthology, in which a great many brief and beautiful lyrics are set down —at the left in the original and on the right in so graceful and sympathetic an English translation that it is as if they were told twice. Here is again the "Dum Diane vitreas" that appeared in the earlier work, some temperate advice from Petronius Arbiter, love-songs, hymns, and other engaging works. "Heloise and Abelard," by George Moore (Liveright), is now in a "popular" edition in two volumes. The "Life of Peter Abelard," by J. McCabe (Putnam), keeps closely to sources.

E. D., Wellesley, tells the inquirer about American magazines that Miss Bertha M. Sturgis of Wellesley College has been for some time at work on the history of early magazines for women. One fruit of her investigation appeared in the *New England Quarterly*, II, No. 3, "Early New England Magazines for Ladies," and others may be expected from time to time.

MY lost unicorn story has been found, and Theodora Du Bois, who wrote "Eblis," published in *Harper's Magazine*, volume 152, page 598-607, would, I believe, be glad to learn in what terms several readers spoke of it. "I hope this is it," said *E. C., Kalamazoo, Mich.*, "I would know then that someone else besides myself liked it well enough to have remembered it since 1926. *R. K., Caldwell, Kansas*, liked it well enough then to copy down several paragraphs, which she sends to me, saying that she remembered it was in the same number as Wilbur Daniel Steele's "Blue Murder" (and a better story), and I might be able to locate it from that. "Owing to the fact that I have spent a good part of my time thinking over it, I am more than glad to find someone who concurs with my opinion that it was a lovely story; I found most of those who read it with me in high school thinking it a trifle silly." No, this was decidedly no high-school story. *Dale Warren* says I must not let W. K. go uninformed of the recent publication of "The Lore of the Unicorn," by Odell Shepard (Houghton Mifflin), a large octavo that starts with his own specimen of a unicorn's horn and traces the history of this dangerous and fortunately elusive animal through Persia, India, China, Tibet, Abyssinia, Canada, South Africa, and Ireland. The chase involves some medieval medicine, certain moon cults, and a trifle of the art of poisoning; it has a great deal to do with ecclesiastical symbolism. In fine, this must be a grand book, and I will keep my eye open for it. It contains many fine pictures.

H. O. B., Baltimore, Md., asks for books on rural France, especially Brittany and Normandy, not for intensive study but for travel.

I FIND "French France," by Oliver Madox Hueffer (Appleton), the best approach to rural France for an American; it was written for Englishmen, but we need it even more. Not that I pretend to more than the briefest acquaintance with this country in its countryside aspects, but what little I do know settles so firmly at once into this delightful, sober book that I am convinced all of it must be quite as true. It is sober because it deals with matters that the French take soberly, but every page has its own sparkle. Here are the provincial cities, the villages, seen from the inside.

There are Blue Guides (Macmillan) for each of these: "Normandy" and "Brittany," by Muirhead and Mommarché, as good as all the Blue Guides. There is a "Normandy," by Cyril Scudamore, among the "Little Guides" published by McBride, and a "Brittany" in the series of Black's Guides published by Macmillan; this is by J. E. Morris and is in its sixteenth edition. A "Little Book of Brittany," by R. M. McBride (McBride), is balanced by "The Lure of Normandy," by Frances Gostling (McBride), whose "The Bretons at Home" is also published by McBride. "The Spell of Normandy," by M. F. Mansfield, is one of Page's "Spell" series, with many illustrations. The famous "Highways and Byways" series of English supplementary guidebooks runs over into France with "Highways and Byways in Normandy," by Percy Dearmer (Macmillan). The excellent series of little "Things Seen" books, which have far more pictures and facts than one might think from their size, has "Things Seen in Normandy and Brittany," by Clive Holland (Dutton). "Brittany and the Loire" (Dodd, Mead), a finely illustrated work, is by Leslie Richardson, whose practical "Motor Cruising in France from Brittany to the Riviera" is published by Houghton Mifflin; this also has many pictures. "The Land of Pardons," by Anatole Le Braz (McBride), is one of the best-known books about this part of the world; "The Spell of Brittany," by Ange Mosher (Duffield), has an introduction by Le Braz. All these have pictures, some have uncommonly fine ones. To keep the record straight even though the request was only for travel-guides, I must put in Anne Douglas Sedgwick's report of "A Childhood in Brittany Eigthy Years Ago" (Century) and Douglas Goldring's "Northern Lights and Southern Shade" (Houghton Mifflin), a super-travel book. "King Arthur's Country," by F. J. Snell (Dutton), would reward a traveller, too.

"If one were contemplating," says H. E. S., Scranton, Pa., "a visit to the Channel Islands, Alderney, Guernsey, and Jersey, what would you advise reading, both for information and stories with one or more of the islands as a setting?"

IF I were going to the original Jersey I would, in case I were not already on friendly terms with a Vermont Jersey cow, make it my business to meet one, as it were, socially, and learn to appreciate her beauty and elegant bearing. Then I would see—what I have long wished I could take time to go and see—whether the original Jerseys are even more charming.

This, however, is a personal reaction from one who remembers with a thrill the annual cattle-sales at Pomfret Center, Vt., and has had a cow named after her, in the Herd Book. If I were really going, I should get three little guide-books, none of them at all expensive: the first is really less a guide-book than a color-plate incentive and reminder, "The Channel Islands," by E. F. Carey (Macmillan). Then there is "What to See in the Channel Islands," by Gordon Home (Macmillan), a reliable quick guide, and a new volume of the "Things Seen" series, "Things Seen in the

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Channel Islands," by Clive Holland (Dutton).

The best novel I know with its scene laid here, at least in part, is Sheila Kaye-Smith's "The George and the Crown" (Dutton); this has not only the scene but the distinctive spirit. "The Battle of the Strong," by Sir Gilbert Parker (Harpers), begins with the Battle of Jersey in 1781, and is said to be exceptionally successful in its rendering of the *patois*. His early novel, "A Ladder of Swords," is in the time of Elizabeth. An old novel by John Oxenham, "The Man of Sark," takes place on that island.

The same inquirer asks for one book on contemporary Russia, saying, "I can find almost nothing about the Channel Islands and so much about Russia that I do not know which to select."

"HUMANITY Uprooted," by Maurice Hindus (Cape, Smith), is the book that seems to fulfil that scarce hoped-for demand for a book about the new Russia that tells its truths without prejudice and yet with human feeling. For some two years past I have been reading everything I could find translated into three languages that has been written in Russia since the beginning of the present stage of the revolution; this book carries conviction to anyone who has done this, especially if before that he had been reading Russian novels in translation ever since 1903.

A. B. S., Cedar Rapids, Iowa, asks for a beginner's book on gardening. "Here am I unable to tell a bearded iris from a shaved one."

I AM advised by friends who know more about gardening than it seems I shall ever have ground-space enough to learn, that an admirable book for a real beginner is "The Little Garden," by Louisa Yeomans King, of the Garden Club of America; this is the opening volume of the "Little Garden" series, of which she is the editor; they are all published by Little, Brown. "Spring in the Little Garden," by Frances Edge McIlvaine, is one of the series confidently to be recommended to the amateur, especially at this time, and with Ella Porter McKinney's "Iris in the Little Garden" may help to straighten out this inquirer's floral—or was it tonsorial—difficulties. Mrs. King's "The Well Considered Garden" (Scribner) is an excellent work to follow the little one; it is especially treasured for its advice on color schemes.

N. J. D., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks if there is a very good book for teaching English composition—"the hardest subject properly 'to teach'"—to high-school students of the first two years, particularly weak on the subject. A long list of titles for themes would be an advantage.

TRY "Using English," by Lucy Chapman (Harcourt, Brace); I think it better than any I have seen. It is sound, provocative, admirably adapted to the student's experience, and fairly shoving him into writing for himself. The illustrations are amusing, numbers of examples of writing by high-school students are given, and there are plenty of theme subjects.

S. G., Detroit, Mich., asks where to find stories of ancient belief in flying, and where to find a complete account of the Wright brothers' first successful flight at Kitty Hawk. As it is for a school project, it must be authentic information.

THERE is a detailed account of the first successful flight of an airplane, the Wright brothers' flight at Kitty Hawk, in "The Wright Brothers," by John Robert McMahon, just published by Little, Brown. This is a full-sized biography, accurate and (naturally) inspiring; there are pictures of many important events, including the official pictorial records of this flight. It would do for man or boy, and is of course a required item for any public library. The opening chapter of "The Conquest of the Air," by C. L. M. Brown, a little book published by the Oxford University Press, has plenty of information about early, half-mythical reports of attempts at human flight, and references to it in myths. This is an excellent and inexpensive introduction to the subject in general for a layman. There are many fine illustrations, some in color, in Hodgson's "History of Aeronautics in Great Britain," a beautiful big volume, published by the Oxford University Press, and some of the earlier pictures go back pretty far. A new illustrated history of aeronautics is soon to be published by Putnam, a huge picture-book in two volumes, "The World in the Air," and the prospectus shows several prints of mythical or very early attempts at flight.

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from page* 905)

OUT OF EVERY DAY. By AGNES MACCARTHY HICKEY. Cedar Rapids: Privately printed by the Bookfellows at the Torch Press. 1929. $1.50.

This modest collection is a not ungraceful expression of a spirit gentle and observant. The material is that of much minor poetry and, though no new chords are struck, the old ones are harmonic. The author would do well to study the French forms more carefully since she essays to use them occasionally. The charm of her Triolet is completely marred by the awkwardness of the rhythm. Such formal modes owe their effectiveness to the elegance of their execution. "Windmill" and "Disdain" arrest by a certain sharpness and the following cinquain is more delicately "After the Japanese" than the verse so named .

MIRACLE

How does
Frail cosmos push
Aside packed loam and lift
Through densest air such fragile cups
unchipped?

This little book offends when it offends at all, far less than many a more pretentious volume.

THE COMPLEAT WORKES OF CINI WILLOUGHBY DERING. Published in New York in the Year 1929 by Payson & Clarke, Ltd.

This is as pleasant a hoax as has been perpetrated in rhyme since Amy Lowell's vigorous denial of "A Critical Fable." Possibly "hoax" is too sharp a word, for at no time does the author deny anything. Rumor has it that Cini Willoughby Dering is a young Englishwoman and internal evidence rather supports the rumor. At all events, the conscious archaisms, the tongue-in-the-cheek inversions, the rustic quaintnesses are unforced; in fact, the sprightly ingenuousness might well deceive the specialists in spontaneity.

Mrs. (?) Dering's verses are patently and unashamedly indebted to Robert Herrick's. But, though she may be his contemporary in spirit, she is not quite of his century in consistency. She sings, it is true, of "Snowdroppes in Januarie," "The Doore to Love," "A Peache tre in late March," "Upon a Certayne Gentleman as Guest," "His Sweethearte at the Fayre," but though the spelling is seventeenth century the accent is at least two hundred years later. This lady knows that gallantry is no longer the be-all and end-all of life—even the literary life—that reflections are not always conceits and confections, that (as she phrases it) "A Wife sho'ld be Frend, not Goddesse." She knows well.

This is not only a charming but an intensely personal book. Husband, wife, and child form a colorful triptych; the trinity is painted in pastel-tones that are delicate without being cloying. If the style edges on parody, the "take-off" is conscious and only adds a bit of ginger to the otherwise mild mixture of sugar and spice. One would like to know more—and not too distantly—of Cini and her Colin and their loth-to-goe-to-bedd babie.

The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 82. A First Prize of ten dollars and a Second Prize of five dollars are offered for the best short rhymed poems called "Mirage." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of April 7.)

Competition No. 83. A First Prize of ten dollars and a Second Prize of five dollars are offered for the best short poems in the lyrical manner of Mr. Robert Frost. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of April 21.)

The Compleat Collector.

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Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins & Gilbert M. Troxell.

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APROPOS of a novelist once exceedingly popular, the *London Times Literary Supplement* has the following to say:

It may be questioned if any novelist of the last century, who in his lifetime enjoyed an enormous popularity, has been so completely forgotten, or at least is now so unread, as Pigault-Lebrun (1753-1835). The nearest English parallel to him is probably J. Frederick Smith, whose "Minnigrey," W. E. Henley (according to Professor Saintsbury) used to extol as one of the masterpieces of literature and is considered by Mr. Saintsbury himself as "worth all Pigault put together and a great deal more." All Pigault-Lebrun's great rivals and contemporaries in fiction — Chateaubriand (1768-1845), P. de Kock (1793-1871), Alfred de Vigny (1797-1863), Alexandre Dumas (1802-1870), and Victor Hugo (1802-1885)—are still alive from the booksellers' point of view, and all of them, to a greater or lesser degree, are still in print. But to the trader in new editions Pigault-Lebrun is an extinct volcano, in France as well as in England and the United States. Even the annals of the sale-room have no consolation to offer to his memory, for, apart from the collected editions of his works in twenty or more volumes, *Book Auction Records* mentions only the Brussels 1879 edition of "Le Citateur" as having fetched two shillings some years ago! Even the comprehensive Sainte-Beuve only mentions him incidentally two or three times, in one case because Mlle. Desbordes acted in his theatrical pieces.

English second-hand booksellers have no "quotations" upon which to fix their prices for either the French original editions or the few English translations. They can only base their figures on cost prices or instinct. For instance, quite recently a Liverpool and a Plymouth bookseller almost at the same time respectively priced copies of the same book at £1 8s. and 7s. 6d.; and as both were at once sold to two different buyers, it may be assumed that there are at least collectors or readers in this country interested in the work of this prolific and amusing French novelist. In another recent book catalogue a copy of the first edition of "Jérôme," Paris, 1805, in four duodecimo volumes (bound in two), was offered at £2 10s., but that had a distinct "association" value, for it was Thomas Moore's copy and bore his autograph and date, 1805, in each of the four volumes. Professor Saintsbury reminds us that Miss Matilda Crawley read Pigault-Lebrun before Waterloo, and there can be no doubt that, in a somewhat watered down form, he was at one time much read in England, but chiefly by subscribers to the Circulating Libraries.

At least four or five of his works were produced by the Minerva Press of Lane & Newman in Leadenhall Street, the most prolific factory in London for turning out the works of fifth-rate novelists for the consumption of the patrons of Circulating Libraries. Only one of these Minerva Press translations of Pigault-Lebrun, "Monsieur Botte," 1803, has found its way to the London Library—and then not until 1898—and, as the French edition bears the date of 1802, it will be seen that the conductors of the Minerva Press were early in the field with a translation. "Monsieur Botte" is considered by some French authorities as Pigault-Lebrun's best story, and the 1803 edition (Paris, chez Barba) contains a very charming engraving of the testy old gentleman who is really the hero of the book. In addition to this story, the Minerva Press also published at about the same time "My Uncle Thomas," in four volumes, "The Barons of Felsheim," and the "History of a Dog." An English version of "L'Enfant du Carnaval" had appeared in 1797 under the title of "The Shrove-tide Child." The most interesting bibliographically, as well as the first and perhaps only illustrated English translation of Pigault-Lebrun, is a volume made up of two of his works, "The Amour of a Friar" (or "L'Enfant du Carnaval," 1792)—his second book, but the first to achieve wide popularity—and "The Schemer" ("L'Homme à Projects," 1807). This bears the date of 1825 and the unfamiliar imprint of Wilton & Son, 245 High Holborn. It appeared under the general title of "The French Novelist," in weekly parts of sixteen pages, at twopence each; at the head of the first five parts is an outline woodcut which must rank among the worst of book engravings until the appearance a few years later of Lloyd's "Penny Bloods."

Auction Sales Calendar

CHARLES F. HEARTMAN, Metuchen, N. J., April 5: Americana. The more interesting items are: a collection of Muster Rolls, Regimental, and Company Returns of forces on active duty during the American Revolution; several works dealing with the Revolution, including John Erskine's "The Equity and wisdom of administration," Edinburgh, 1776; Charles James Fox's "Speech at a general meeting of the Electors of Westminster, July 17, 1782," London, 1792, and Jonathan Shipley's "Speech intended to have been spoken on the Bill for Altering the Charters of the Colony of Massachusetts-Bay," London, 1774; William Aspinwall's "A Premonition of sundry sad calamities yet to come," London, 1655; William Bartram's "Travels through North and South Carolina," London, 1792; "A short narrative of the horrid Massacre in Boston, perpetrated in the evening of the fifth day of March, 1770," Printed by Order of the Town of Boston, 1770; Edward Brerewood's "Enquires touching the diversity of languages and religions," London, 1614; John Bunyan's "Come and Welcome to Christ," Boston, Reprinted, 1728;

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1930.

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1930. Charles B. Frasca, Notary Public, New York County. New York County Clerk's No. 167, New York Register No. 1F117.

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In the review of "The Colophon," printed the 22nd of March, it should have been made entirely clear that the responsibility of the editorial work has been shared, since the beginning, between Mr. Elmer Adler, Mr. Burton Emmett, Mr. Vrest Orton; and Mr. John T. Winterich. These four, from the time the quarterly was organized, about a year and a half ago, have met at least once each week. The credit, therefore, for having produced an intelligent, interesting, and well-edited periodical belongs properly to the group forming the active editorial board. It is characteristic of Mr. Adler's modesty and generosity that he should at once have called attention to an unintentional error which is now corrected with great pleasure. G. M. T.

THE Hesperides Press, of London, has reprinted, with an introduction by W. H. Davies, from the edition of 1567 "A Greene Forest or a naturall Historie . . . Compiled by John Maplet, M. of Arte and student in Cambridge: entending hereby that God might especially be glorified: and the people furdered." It is a delightful thing to have done, not only for its value to literature, but for the tendency it indicates on the part of certain publishers to make available books that, by reason of impossibly high prices demanded for the original editions, cannot possibly come into the possession of those modern collectors most interested in them. Some time ago, the Oxford University Press inaugurated a series of type facsimile reprints of seventeenth and eighteenth century books, done with all their accustomed perfection, and Mr. Noel Douglas began his series of "Replicas" which he decided not to confine to any particular period. There have also, no doubt, been others: the field of English literature is encouragingly large, and even though Shakespeare and Milton may not have been printed originally in a manner to gain the approval of contemporary authorities—"Lycidas," for instance, is positively ugly and rather smudgy—there is a kind of satisfaction to be found in knowing as nearly as possible the form in which these men came before the eyes of their own worlds. And to many young collectors whose curiosity may be startled into activity by encountering, in the course of their education, some book that actually impresses them, it is extremely pleasant to realize the possibility of buying such reproductions at prices within their reach. It may not seem, perhaps, too pessimistic to remark that, before long, many others will be placed in a similar position, unless by some unforeseen intervention of Providence book-dealers are induced to lower their present charges.

The Maplet "Greene Forest" is beautifully done in every way, except for Mr. W. H. Davies's introduction which sounds, unfortunately, as if he were being slightly patronizing to what he insists upon calling his "old Author." There is no reason for patting a writer on the head as if he were the epitome of quaintness and whimsicality simply because he happens to be a clergyman who, by living in the sixteenth century, failed to have all the information about natural history that any attentive child can acquire now before the age of twelve—the sixteenth century people, poor dears, took themselves seriously enough to escape such treatment. But, mercifully, the present reprint brings about a complete obliteration of the introduction—and that, after all, is sufficient. G. M. T.

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Today *The Inner Sanctum* publishes a book which will not be recommended to those afflicted with weak hearts.

It is called *Jump! Tales of the Caterpillar Club* by DON GLASSMAN, a young writer who came up to the eighth floor of Thirty-Seven West 57th Street, modestly left his manuscript without any fanfare or letters of introduction, and within a few hours had the editors and readers cheering, gasping for breath, and turning loop-the-loops from the housetops.

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An ocean breeze may fail and the vessel forced to idle in a calm. But gravity knows no doldrums; it commands space, ungoverned by boundaries or fatigue. It is silent, mysterious, unflagging and implacable. Yet, impelled by heroic curiosity or by the imminence of death, men have, from time to time, cut themselves loose from the ceiling of the world, entrusted their lives to a small packet of cloth and rope and floated down a road of air to good or evil fortune. JUMP *was their word and deed.*

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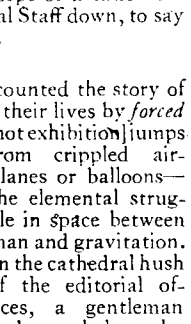

—ESSANDESS.

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THE voice of the prophet is heard in the land, or at least if not in our land in England. On second thought it's not even heard there yet, but it will be shortly, for *Lord Birkenhead's* new book, "The World in 2030," is on the press at present. It's a discussion of science and ideas, of war, industry, and social customs as they may be expected to be a hundred years from now. The position of women is one of the matters which engages the honorable Lord's attention, as is that of the future of the future. . . .

Well, perhaps the world does move. Here's the Literary Guild inviting *Maxim Gorki* to visit the United States in time for the publication of his newest novel, "Bystander," in April, and here's *Lee Keedick* planning an extensive lecture tour for him throughout the country, and doubtless there'll be plenty of teas and dinners given in his honor. Yet in 1906, if history doesn't speak false, Gorki received anything but a hospitable welcome from the land of the free whose inhabitants, in one of those periodical fits of outraged moral dignity in which Anglo-Saxon peoples traditionally indulge, cast him from its good graces. At any rate Gorki is a prophet not without honor in his own country. A museum has been erected to his name in Moscow, and his works are said to have sold to the number of two million copies in Russia within the past three years. Cape-Smith intend to publish his new novel on April 7. . . .

Speaking of Russia, we were talking of it, or rather listening while *Maurice Hindus* talked of it, at lunch the other day. Mr. Hindus, whose "Humanity Uprooted," published a few months ago, is one of the most enlightening and interesting commentaries upon the Soviet experiment which it has been our good fortune to read, painted a fascinating picture of what is going on in agricultural Russia today. We hope the Senate won't get hold of the facts he told us for if they find out how much Russia is likely to produce in the future they'll shoot the tariff rates up until the poor ultimate consumer won't be able to satisfy his wants let alone indulge in any luxuries. And if the consumer can't consume what's the use of protecting the producer? That's the kind of economics we believe in—just as simple as "Mother Goose." . . .

Who, by the way, was *Mother Goose?* The beloved of your childhood? Oh, that's all right, but it doesn't answer our question at all. No, it's not terribly ignorant not to know, for no one seems to with certainty. There are many tales of the origin of her name and of the authorship of her rhymes. If you want to find out about the theory which asserts that she was *Elizabeth Foster Vergoose* of Boston, Massachusetts, all you have to do is to write to the Apellicon Press, Glen Rock, Pa., neatly enclosing $7.50 with your request, and ask for one of the two hundred and fifty copies that are for sale of *Vincent Starrett's* "All about Mother Goose." The book was designed by Mr. *Updike* and printed at the Merrymount Press. . . .

"Believe it or not," *President Hoover* is an ardent fan for *Robert L. Ripley's* book of that name. So is *Henry Ford*. And Simon & Schuster are announcing the publication of Volume II for June. Also, believe it or not, literature is getting all mixed up with succulent food. *Ruth Cross*, the Texas novelist, whose story, "Enchantment," Longmans, Green published not very long ago, has been broadcasting Southern recipes over the radio with the result that housewives who listened in are suggesting that she write a cook-book. We hope she does; there's no more fascinating reading. And *Fannie Hurst's* cook, so Harpers say, has grown bored with seeing her picture in magazines and newspapers among endorsements of food products by the culinary experts of celebrities, and has given notice to Miss Hurst that henceforth advertising agencies which solicit interviews and photographs from her will have to pay for them. And again, a lady in Maryland recently offered "to swap" some nice, fat, roasting chickens for a copy of *Karl Menninger's* "The Human Mind," published by Knopf, a book which a salesgirl informed its author, whom she was entertaining unawares, is a "lot of talk about abnormal people and things like that." "It's said to be awfully good," she said, and then added, bending confidentially toward Mr. Menninger, "you know they say the author's a little abnormal himself." Yes, and oh, yes *Captain Billy Fawcett*, publisher of *Screen Secrets* and many other well-known magazines, "a regular guy and a good friend," is going to talk of marvelous adventures in the African jungle at a Blue Ribbon Restaurant lunch given by the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers. But now perhaps we have strayed away from literature. . . .

Just in order to let all the arts have their innings we'll tell you that *Edmund Dulac* is designing the smoking room of the new 40,000 tons liner, *Empress of India. Sir John Lavery, Frank Brangwyn, and W. Heath Robinson* also have their finger in the pie. And we're not so far off from literature in talking about them as you might think, for don't they all illustrate books or have books written about their work? So there. . . .

What does a lexicographer think? The Phoenician, the soon-to-be-recovered Phoenician, asked the question sometime ago, and now comes an answer all the way from Arizona from Mrs. *Fred Newton Scott*. Here's what she says:

> If you really do want to know what a lexicographer thinks about, you should secure a copy of "Some Comparative Values," a little book by *Dr. H. W. Fowler*, that most engaging of dictionary-makers. It is published by Basil Blackwell, Oxford, 1929. I have never seen it noticed in the American press, but Dr. Fowler kindly sent us a copy. Here are some samples:
>
> "I have a pedantically tidy soul."
>
> "No man is ever safe against wanting to marry."
>
> "I should say that literature is one of those plants which are cultivated for the sake of their flowers."
>
> "He begins to feel that all we like sheep have gone astray; and though he would not so much mind the straying, he cannot put up with the sheepishness."
>
> "Happiness is after all very cheap, if you know the market."
>
> "If you cannot steer an even course, a wobbling one shows at least that you mean well."
>
> "She must be well-read enough not to think herself well-read; the conscious literary lady is—gallantry will not permit me to say simply, an abomination—a Medusa, perhaps, a creature at once beautiful and petrifying."

We see that Scribners have brought out a new Baedeker of London. Some day we are going to start a movement for a monument in every city of Europe to the memory of Karl Baedeker. Where would the travelling world be, we wonder, if it weren't for those neat, red-bound volumes that insure recognition of your ignorance wherever you go, and that hold such enticing bits of information as that Brindisi contains an unfluted cipillino column that marks the end of the Appian Way, or that in the ancient quarry of Syracuse, now a paradise of flowers, once languished seven thousand Athenian slaves? And when we have erected everywhere noble statues clutching guidebooks as emblems of greatness in their hands, we're going to start the crusade for putting up a memorial to the *Bartlett* of the "Familiar Quotations." Perhaps Little, Brown will do our publicity for us. Certainly if ever a man deserved commemoration it is John Bartlett. Why shouldn't he be remembered who helps so many to quote what they have not forgot, but never remembered? . . .

Have we talked about "Poor Nigger" yet? Because if we haven't we should have, though the book isn't to appear for some time to come. It's a novel translated from the Italian of *Orio Vergani* which Bobbs-Merrill is to publish some time this spring, the story of a prize-fighter. But it isn't just any prize-fighting story, nor is its interest at all dependent upon an enthusiasm for the ring. It's the tale of a little African boy who is taken to a French port, there grows up, and wins the heavy-weight championship of the world only to find that victory turns to dust and ashes in his hands. The opening scenes in Africa are sharp with the tang of exotic life, and the picture of Marseilles, or whatever the town may be, is vivid and realistic. The boy, with his experiences in Africa, and his growth to manhood in France, is a portrait study of unusual fascination. . . .

Our space is up. We bid you a hasty adieu.

THE SUBSTITUTE PHŒNICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

We hope you read A. Edward Newton's excellent column review in the March 15th issue of the *S. R. L.*, in which he said of Pottle's *The Literary Career of James Boswell, Esq.*,[1] "But I *bought* my copy and turned its every page with no idea of writing a line about it. I bought it because I saw that it was an Oxford University Press[2] book, which means that it is a good book, well printed and well bound, and I saw that it contained a wealth of information, admirably arranged, with an excellent index." We know that Mr. Newton owns many Oxford books because they are good books and we were glad he found the time to write this in his review. He ends with the prophecy, ". . . Mr. Pottle, whose visiting card to posterity this book is likely to be."

The same prophecy might be made of Robert Bridges's *The Testament of Beauty*,[3] which Time magazine calls "a monumental piece of work, compelling the attention of all who would follow the best of modern thought and feeling." This seems to us a safe prediction because the poem expresses so many of our twentieth century credos, and because it contains so much that has never before been expressed poetically.

The Diary of a Country Parson[4] is so full of incidental trivialities that it is immensely interesting and important as a picture of daily country life in England in the late eighteenth century.[5]

Letters of Lord Chesterfield[6] has just been issued in *The World's Classics*.[7] This series of the letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son and his godson extends from 1728—the date of the "Beggar's Opera"—until 1773. They are an admirable commentary on the age of reason and discipline and manners. The introduction is a valuable account of the ideas of a fascinating period.

Childhood, Boyhood and Youth,[8] by Leo Tolstoy, is also in *The World's Classics* and is translated by Tolstoy's friends, Louise and Aylmer Maude.[9] "We do not read this book; we live it," said William Lyon Phelps. Though a novel, it is largely autobiographical, and to this may be ascribed its extraordinary clarity and vivid atmosphere.

Hollanda's Four Dialogues[10] is the sort of book we fall upon now and again and want to write letters to all our friends about. Its intimate view of Michael Angelo, his methods and manners, his personality and the spirit of his time, are absolutely thrilling to read about in these conversations. We can't imagine an artist passing it by, or an historian, or any one else who is interested in great people, or just people.

Things are never dull when Jeffreys is at the bar or on the bench. How satisfying the gradual exposure of the voluble Knowles and the boozy Banister, and how picturesque the evidence of the oldest inhabitants in *The Trial of Lady Ivie!*[11] In the trials of this period (1684 A.D.) we find the unadorned speech of the people and plenty of comic relief. The plays and novels of the period afford nothing like it, they are sophisticated and do not sound so true a note.

Have you read C. Leonard Woolley's *Dead Towns and Living Men*[12] yet?

> Lest you should think that life sedate is
> Exhuming towns on the Euphrates,
> The archæologist regales
> You here with wild and Woolley tales!
>
> —S. H.

Thank you, S. H., this fills the column very nicely.

There are, of course, many more excellent books about interesting people on the Oxford list,[13] but whereas the ides of March are safely past the ideas of March do linger!

—THE OXONIAN.

(1) $15.00. (2) 114 5th Ave., N. Y. C. (3) $3.50; limited editions by Wm. Rudge Press, $25.00. (4) 4 vols. published, each $4.25; vol. V, the final one, due in Sept. (5) See also Turberville's English Men and Manners in the 18th Century, $4.00. (6) $.80. (7) Over 375 titles, attractively bound in blue and gold. Send for list. (8) $.80. (9) Translators of the Centenary Edition of Tolstoy, limited to 1,000 copies, 21 vols., $65.00. (10) $2.50. (11) $4.50. (12) $2.00. (13) Send for Spring List.

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Points of View

Green Pastures Old and New

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Every play that is acted, like music that is performed, comes to the audience not directly from the imagination of the creator, but through the interpretation of the actors and their directors. Mr. Connelly's play "The Green Pastures" resolves itself into a more complex stratification because it is adapted from another man's interpretation of American Negro Christianity as this is reflected in spirituals.

Anyone, therefore, who attempts to study "The Green Pastures" as a religious document must be prepared not only to incur the disapprobation of literary critics, but also to undertake the conscientious labor involved in *Quellenforschung* and *Quellenkritik*. Such labor may be distasteful to people with esthetic interests, but it is as useful and necessary in the study of culture-history as Biblical criticism.

The intelligently curious playgoer, however, need only note that there are at least two plays in "The Green Pastures" which can be lightly separated with no damage to the texture of delicate threads that hold them together. One of them, Mr. Connelly's private theological drama, is presented chiefly in the last scenes, which show the Lord harried by that silent hound of heaven, the prophet of love, who paces relentlessly outside the celestial office, and in the Lord's witnessing of the crucifixion.

The other play, which is closer to the original Negro genius, can also be easily outlined; it dramatizes the fatherliness and simplicity of the Lord, the spectacular magic of Creation and Judgment, the reverence and humility of good men, the triumphant hope of salvation. Many people find these same things in the medieval productions that we know from the Townley and Coventry plays. I can see only the clear differences between them and this artful interpretation of Negro spirituals. The medieval plays are quaint only in the Chaucerian sense; they are cunning and robust and bourgeois; they are naïve only in religion. Psychologically they are more advanced than, and morally they are inferior to, the Negro religion that lies at the heart of this modern play. Of certain medieval poems like "The Pearl" and "Piers Plowmen," I do not speak. They are the work of rare religious geniuses.

The Negro folk religion, like that of the noblest Pharisees, is the flower of "religious virtuosity," to use the phrase well found by the English scholar Israel Abrahams. Only sensitive and kind-hearted and generous people who have suffered spiritually and have inherited the spiritual suffering of centuries could evoke from their religiously gifted imaginations such scenes as the Creation of Adam and Eve in "The Green Pastures," as the revelation of the Lord's presence to Noah, as the punishment of Pharaoh, and the *nunc dimitte, Domine* of Moses.

There is another such people which has the same subtle and humane understanding of the Bible, and that people, curiously enough, is the Jews. There is a great traditional Jewish literature in the form of discourses on the Bible, known as "Haggadah," which is very close in spirit and humor to the Negro spiritual and sermon.

The difficult work of revealing Judaism to the modern Gentile world may be left to humanists and liberal and informed Christian theologians. (Since the time of Erasmus and Reuchlin, most humanists have been Christian theologians and Biblical scholars, though the reverse is not true.) Jewish religious literature does not begin with the first chapter of Genesis, nor does it end with the prophecies and psalms quoted in the New Testament. That Judaism was solely a religion of law was left for the ex-Pharisee, Paul of Tarsus, to discover. Jesus himself had no quarrel with Judaism. Rabbi Akiba, the most zealous defender of the legal validity of every jot and tittle in the Books of Moses, revered the Song of Songs more than all the other books of the Hagiographa, because, we may suppose, he read it as an allegory of God's love for Israel.

There is an early rabbinic commentary to Deuteronomy in which it is written that no one should say, "'I have studied *halakot* [legal interpretation of the Bible]; that is enough for me,' for Scripture says, 'Man shall not live by bread alone,' which means *Midrash* [exegisis], 'but by all that comes from the mouth of God shall man live,' which means *Haggadot*."

Almost every beautiful and tender scene in "The Green Pastures" has its counterpart in the rabbinic Haggadah. No one who has seen the play can forget the broken cry of Pharaoh over the body of his eldest born. Nor can one who has read the Haggadah forget the rebuke administered by the Lord of the Universe to the Angels of the Presence who, in the very human spirit of the Negro Archangel Gabe, would have sung Hallelujah as the host of Pharaoh was drowning in the sea. "The Holy One, blessed be He, said to them, 'The work of my hands are drowning, and you would sing in jubilation before me!'"

The Negro Moses has the more than Christian humility of his race in slavery. So the heros of the rabbinic story are glorified by Jewish humility:

> The Holy One, blessed be He, said to Israel, "I support you, because when I lavish power upon you, you humble yourselves before me. I gave greatness to Abraham, and he said to me, *I am dust and ashes;* I gave greatness to Moses and Aaron, and they said, *What are we?* I gave greatness to David and he said, *I am a worm and not a man.* But the gentiles are not so. I gave greatness to Nimrod, and he said, *Come, let us build a city.* I gave greatness to Pharaoh, and he said, *Who is God? . . .*"

Whether the rabbis would have dreamed of fish-fries in heaven as Mr. Connelly's Negroes do is a matter for nice resolution; at least the rabbis believed that the great Leviathan would be served to them at the heavenly banquets to be enjoyed in the blessed '*olam-ha-ba*', the world to come. They would not have been surprised at the notion that the Lord enjoys a ten-cent cigar, providing that he was careful not to smoke on the sabbath. And, like the Lord of the Negroes, the Jewish God not only suffers little children to come unto him, but he himself takes time to teach those who have prematurely come to heaven.

The rich narratives and parables of the Haggadah may not, perhaps, be so divertingly turned into drama as these charming Negro spirituals; but no one who is sensitive to the beauty of folk religion and pious legends should leave them to be enjoyed only by the gifted people that conceived them.

RALPH MARCUS.
Jewish Institute of Religion.

"King's Pleasure"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR.

In her very kind review of "King's Pleasure" in your issue of January 25th, Miss Frances Jenkins Olcott expressed her disapproval of certain passages in the book which, she says, are "repellent to the wholesome American tradition." If I assume correctly that the passages referred to are those dealing with the physical relation between a man and a woman, I should like to offer my excuses.

The aim of the book was to present a faithful picture of the life and spirit of medieval Serbia and since in those days that lacked the refining influence of the "wholesome American tradition," they took their amours neat, I felt constrained to include any such episodes as I found characteristically poetic, curious, or naive, where and how the design of the story seemed to me to demand them. Miss Olcott's unsuccessful search for similar material in "three authoritative volumes" I cannot but construe as a tribute to the superior exhaustiveness of the research done for this one, which is, however, no "translation of Serb traditions and legends," but an interpretation of an age and a people, based in part on their history, in part on their poetry, and in part on imagination, and therefore, I submit, not subject to the limitations of scholarly accuracy. To the reproach that the book is "fit for mature readers only," I can merely plead that it was written for mature readers only.

I was also very much interested in Irene Marmaroff's letter on the Macedonian Slavs in your issue of February 22nd. The fact that there are Macedonian Slavs alive today is ample testimony to the weakness of her theory. If her ancestors had been as lamblike as she imagines them, they would hardly have survived a century, let alone thirteen hundred years of bitter bloodshed over as fiercely contested an area as the world has ever seen. Not only have they preserved the integrity of their race to an extraordinary degree, but that of their customs, their language, and their character as well—a feat to take pride in rather than to deny. It was the Macedonian Slavs who made the first onslaughts upon Greece, before whose ferocity every Grecian city of importance fell save Athens and Salonika, on whose account the prayers of the Greeks were concluded with the words: "Save us, O God, from the fearful curse of the Slavs!" For verification of these statements, I refer Miss Marmaroff to the documented history of her people, written by her fellow-Slav, Constantin Jirecek, and generally recognized as the final authority on the subject.

IDA ZEITLIN.

Now or Then?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Superlatives in history are unsafe things to write or to read. In the rare cases where they are justifiable, as when a critic in *Life* closed a dithyramb to Barnum with the words, "Great art thou, O Phineas, and not at all mendacious, for thine is verily the greatest show on earth," they need to have attention called to their justifiableness. And it is a very useful routine habit, whenever one comes upon a superlative statement, immediately to stop and think of disproofs of it.

Now here is Dr. Canby saying of our time and place, "Never have leisure, thought, the sense of beauty, and even pure physical enjoyment been so subordinated to the business of stimulating material wants and creating the goods to satisfy them." Doubtless the supreme development of the business of stimulating material wants is specifically a character of our time; but is there real evidence that the other half of the assertion (which seems to be the main part of the purpose of the argument) is more true of New York or Nebraska to-day than it was of Babylon in the year of the coronation of Tiglath-Pileser III, or Rome under Domitian, or China in 1880? Every nation, of course, is mixed of different sorts of men; is one sort more dominant among us than ever before? Is William Beebe really more neglectful of leisure, thought, the sense of beauty, and pure physical enjoyment, than Pliny the Elder? Coolidge than Claudius? Hoover than Hadrian?

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.
Ballard Vale, Mass.

Sarah Bernhardt

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

The Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc., takes occasion in your issue of March 1 to correct a wrong ascription of the authorship of the article on "Dramatic Criticism" in the new Fourteenth Edition of the encyclopaedia.

I am reminded of some curious statements in this edition's article on Sarah Bernhardt. "In 1882 she married Jacques Damala, but separated from him at the end of the following year. There was one son of the marriage, Maurice Bernhardt. . . . She died in London in March, 1923." Apparently the writer has forgotten the sensation created by Sarah on her first London engagement, when she was (or so the story goes) announced to startled drawing rooms as "Mademoiselle Bernhardt et son fils!" Maurice was certainly well advanced in his teens when his mother was married to Damala.

In any case, it is certain that she died in her own house in the Boulevard Periere.

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE.
New York.

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from page* 908)

TOWARD EQUILIBRIUM. By *Polly Chase Boyden.* Covici-Friede. $2.

MYSTIC LYRICS FROM THE INDIAN MIDDLE AGES. Transcribed by *Paul Althaus.* Rendered into English by *R. T. Gribble.* London: Allen & Unwin.

THE POETICS OF ARISTOTLE IN ENGLAND. By *Marvin Theodore Herrick.* Yale University Press. $1.75.

A STUDY OF WHITTIER'S APPRENTICESHIP AS A POET. By *Frances Mary Pray.* Pennsylvania State College.

Religion

VISION AND VESTURE. By *Charles Gardner.* Dutton. $2.

CHRIST IN ISLAM. By *James Robson.* Dutton. $2.

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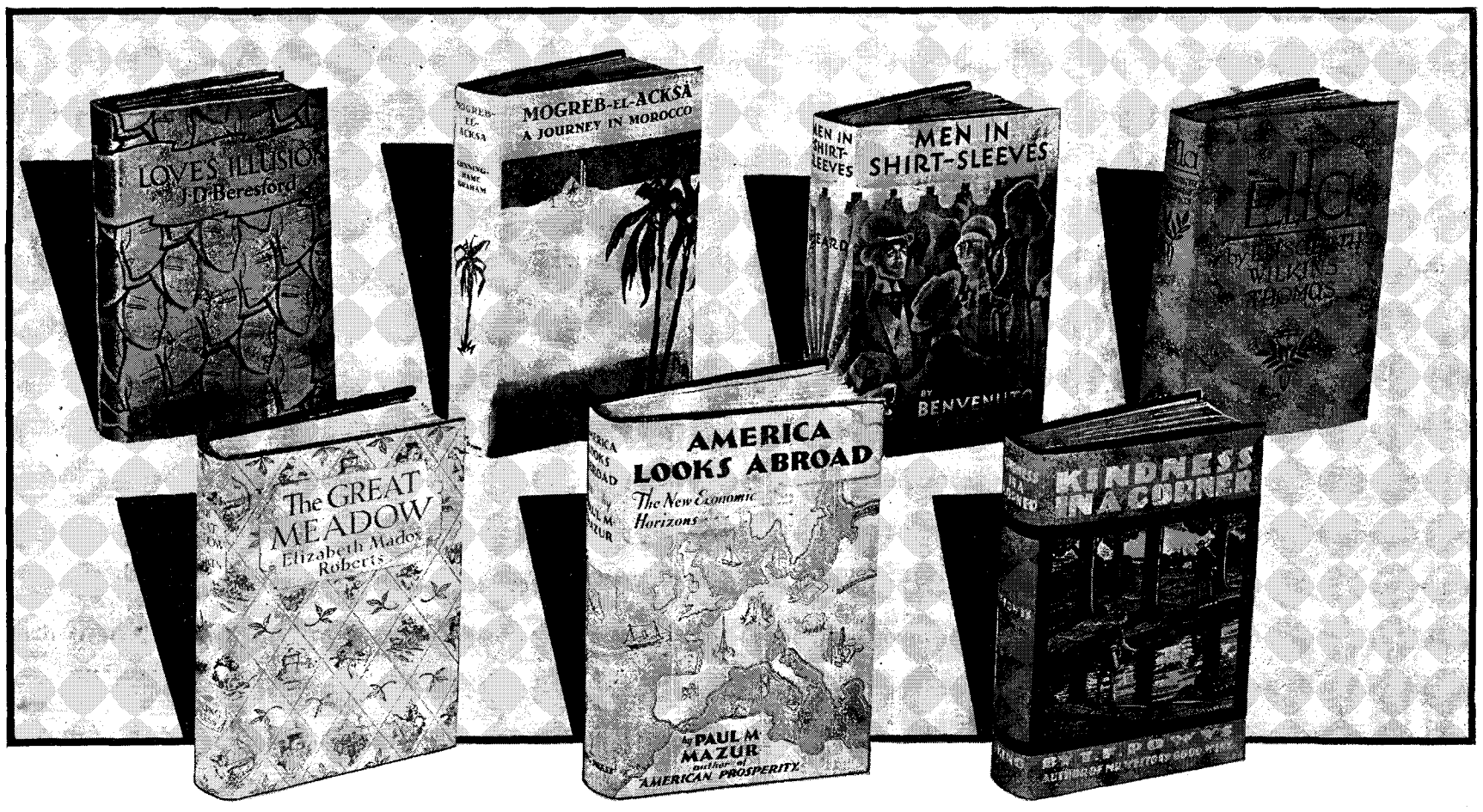

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